



HUMFREY,

Wrong-Printed.

DUKE of

GLOUCESTER.

TRAGEDY.



Wrong-Printed.

PAGE 8. Line 37. for betrayt he, read betray the.
p. 19. l. 14. for secur'd, r. secur'd. p. 39. l. 29. for
Scicily, r. Sicily. p. 49. l. 28. for Success, r. Success?
p. 55. l. 12. for Crow'd, r. Crowd. p. *ibid.* l. 16. for
ever, Age, r. every Age. p. 57. l. 32. for Diocess, r.
Diocese. p. 69. l. 17. for suprizing, r. surprizing.
p. 80. l. 14. for offfrantick, r. of frantick.



HUMFREY,

DUKE of

GLOUCESTER.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE,

BY

HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

By Mr. PHILIPS. *R*



L O N D O N,

Printed: And Sold by J. Roberts, near the Oxford-
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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
William Pulteney Esq;

SIR,



WHEN your unwearied Application to the weighty Concerns of the Publick, will allow you the Leisure to peruse this Tragedy; I am perswaded, the Choice of the Argument will meet with your Approbation: Since, there is not, in *English* History, any remarkable Event, proper for the Stage, that furnishes a
A fairer

DEDICATION.

fairer Occasion of Inculcating those Principles, which tend to the Service of the King, and the Welfare of the Nation. And, notwithstanding your Discernment in Performances of this Kind, may deterr the ablest of our Writers; yet (beside your natural Candour) the Love of your Countrey will incline you to indulge the Inabilities of the Poet, for the Honesty of his Intentions.

The Duke of GLOUCESTER was a Man of Singular Goodness; a wise and upright Statesman; a great Opposer of the oppressive Usurpations of the See of *Rome*; a generous Favourer of the, then, poor and distressed Commons; a powerful Oratour; a most loyal Subject; a learned Prince; and an Encourager of Learning: Which shining Qualities, even without the Advantage of his Birth, would render his Memory dear to You.

It is the Happiness of *England*, that, in the Age wherein You flourish, the Nobles

DEDICATION.

Nobles enjoy all their valuable Privileges; and yet, the Commons are, neither Poor, nor Distrest: Whereby, Liberty and Property are become universal, in *Great Britain*; the Government acquires a double Support; and every Representative of the People has yearly Opportunities to distinguish Himself as a Patriot.

It is a great Satisfaction to All, who know the Value of a Free Government, to see, at the Head of a Committee appointed to enquire into the present Conspiracy, a Commoner, who is placed above all Hopes and Fears, but those, which regard his Country: A Gentleman, whose Abilities, whose Integrity, whose unvarying Conduct, whose Resolution, and whose ample Circumstances, conspire to make him equal to so great a Trust.

You, SIR, can approve, or disapprove, of Measures relating to the Publick; can accept, or refuse, Employments of Dignity; influenced by

DEDICATION.

no Motive, but the General Good. This State of Independency (the Bulwark of Publick Vertue) has allways given your Opinions their due Weight, with equitable Minds. Such an *Englishman* was the great and good Duke HUMFREY, in his Time: And, if you are pleased to countenance my Endeavours to revive his Fame; I shall (with the utmost Gratitude) acknowledge it, as the greatest Honour, and Obligation.

I am,

With the greatest Respect,

S I R,

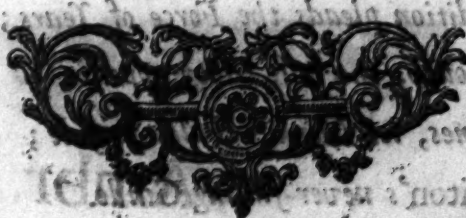
Your most Humble, and

most Obedient Servant,

Ambr. Philips.

TO THE
READER.

HE Y, who have read Shakespear's Second Part of Henry VI. may, probably, recollect most of the Passages, I have borrowed from Him, either Word for Word, or with some small Alteration. Nevertheless, that I may not be thought unwilling to Acknowledge my Obligation to so great a Poet; I desire my Readers will place to his Account, One or Two Hints, and One intire Line, in the 24th Page, where Eleanor's Penance is related: Four Lines, in the 38th Page, where Beaufort speaks of Gloucester's Popularity: Three Parts in Four of the Description of the Duke's dead Body, in Page 71: And about Seventeen Lines in the last Scene; some of which are so very beautifull, that it may be questioned, whether there be any Passages, in Shakespear, that deserve greater Commendation.



PROLOGUE;

WRITTEN BY

Mr. *Bartholomew Paman,*

Of the MIDDLE-TEMPLE.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

S Education moulds the tender Brain,
Or free, or slavish, Doctrines We maintain.
Where Asia's Lord, with Power despotick, reigns,
Whole Nations boast the Privilege of Chains;
Worship some Plant, or Reptile, as a GOD;
And dye with Rapture, at their Tyrant's Nod.
Where never-erring Rome usurps a Sway,
To go by Reason, is to go a-stray.
Freedom of Thought, we Britons justly prize,
Parent of Liberty, and Scourge of Vice.
In vain, Tradition pleads the Force of Tears;
At Reason's Touch, the base Alloy appears.
In foreign Climes, let Monkish Tales preside;
Truth is a Briton's never-failing Guide.

Our

PROLOGUE

Our free-born Bard a free-born Heroe draws :

HUMFREY ; the Patron of Learn'd Wickliff's Cause.

View here, the Force of Bigottry in Kings ;

View here, the Woes, that Superstition brings.

Behold a Statesman, upright, wise, and good ;

Who bravely for his Countrey's Welfare stood :

But, sure Destruction is the Patriot's Doom,

When Kings are Only Ministers of Rome.

In these short Scenes, our Authour hat, with Pain,

Sketch'd out the Years of HENRY's troubled Reign ;

Shewn by What Springs vile Politicians move ;

How, Blood and Cruelty, Rome's Prelates love !

Awkward in Plots, They little Cunning show ;

Murder's the deepest Policy they know.

Britons, collect this Moral from our Tale :

Should, once again, the Papal Power prevail ;

Again, Religious Fires would dreadful shine ;

And Inquisitions prove their Right Divine.



The Persons of the Play.

M E N

Humfrey, Duke of Gloucester; Uncle to the King; and Lord Protector of the Realm. } *Mr. Booth.*

His Friends.

Richard Plantagenet; Duke of York. } *Mr. Mills.*
Richard Nevill; Earl of Salisbury. } *Mr. Thurmond.*
Richard Nevill; Earl of Warwick: } *Mr. Williams.*
 Son to the Earl of Salisbury.

Henry Beaufort; Cardinal, and Bishop of Winchester. Uncle to the Duke of Gloucester; and Great-Uncle to the King. } *Mr. Cibber.*

Of His, and the Queen's, Faction.

William de la Pole; Duke of Suffolk. } *Mr. Watson.*
Humfrey Stafford; Duke of Buckingham. } *Mr. Mills.*

W O M E N.

Margaret, Daughter to Reiner, Duke of Anjou; Queen to King Henry the Sixth: Secretly in Love with the Duke of Suffolk. } *Mrs. Oldfield.*

Eleanor, Dutcheſs of Gloucester, Wife to Duke Humfrey. } *Mrs. Porter.*

An Officer of Justice.
 Two Ruffians.

The ACTION passes within the King's Palace, in Westminster.



HUMFREY,

DUKE of

GLOUCESTER.



ACT I. SCENE I.

*Duke of York. Earl of Salisbury. Earl
of Warwick.*

YORK.



W. Yes! — my Lords of *Salisbury* and
Warwick; —
Father and Son; Each of the Other wor-
thy.

It is apparent, *England's* Glory fades.

Henry of Bolingbroke was born for Rule; —
And left a Son, — (O, ever dear Remembrance!)
Whose matchless Vertues prov'd him More than
Mam —
But, this *Sixth Henry* —

B

Salisbury.

2 **HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.**

Salisb. Good your Grace of York; —
Forbear to dwell on this displeasing Theme: —
A King, by Priests, and by a Woman, govern'd!
To save the sinking State, be now our Care;
If, happily, We may dispell the Storm,
Black-lowering o'er the Head of noble Gloucester;
The Safeguard, — the Protectour, of the Realm.

My Son, inform us: — Thou hast seen his High-
ness.

Tork. Speak, *Warwick*: — For, on Gloucester's mighty
Fate,

The doubtfull Welfare of the Land is poiz'd: —

Say, how he bears the Seisure of his Wife;

This rude Attack, where most he lies unguarded.

Warw. Right-Noble *Tork*: I need not to unfold
Duke *Humfrey's* Scorn of Slander. — He contemns

The trivial Malice of his Foes; and bids

His injur'd Comfort, pay their Spight with Smiles;

Till Time shall shew Her loyal, as Himself.

Tork. Till Time shall shew! — Wherein is
She Disloyal?

Most frivolous Pretence of Guilt! —

Warw. That, She had fashion'd

A Model of his Majesty, in Wax;

With which, his Person is to Sympathize;

Consuming daily, as the Wax consumes.

Tork. Now, by my Hopes of Heaven, I could not
brooke

Such Forgeries against my Bosome's Darling! —

Such feign'd Offences, as exceed all Faith;

And bid Defiance to Man's Understanding.

Salisb. Urged, like *Plantagenet*! — The Lord
Protectour

Too tamely bears this Insult on his Dutches.

He thinks, the common Reason of Mankind

Will clear her of the senseless Imputation.

But, what is Reason, when ungodly Prelates

Hoodwink the Mind; and make us Fond of Darknes?

Mark;

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

3

Mark; if I judge amiss. — This Charge of Treason,
Founded on Sorcery, and idle Tales,
May cost Dame Eleanor her dearest Life;
And be the Prelude to her Husband's Downfall.

Tork. I like it not.

Warw. Nor I.

In Mischief's dark Designs, *Rome* is Infallible.

Salisb. This unexpected Summons from the King,
To meet in Parliament, to Morrow, — bodes
What, shall I say? — Perhaps, I over-rate
The Policy of Knaves. — And yet, I know,
The Proclamation was not Gloucester's Doing.

Warw. But, — see where Beaufort comes:

The Cardinal,

Who bears his Head aloft, beneath his Hat,
And looks with Scorn on Princes.

Tork. Hence, my Lords! —

His consecrated Pride offends my Eye.

Warw. To me, it ministers but daily Mirth.

Tork. We leave you to your Humour.

Warw. But a Moment.

SCENE II.

Warwick. Beaufort.

Warw. How he collects his Brow! — Intent on
Mischief:

His own ambitious Views; — or, Gloucester's Ruin.

Beauf. First, to disgrace him, in his Wife: — In
That,

We gratify the Queen; who, now, expects us.

Warw. Save you, my good Lord Cardinal. —
You seem

To stoop; as burden'd with some weighty Thought.

Beauf. Alas my Lord! — It is my Grief sits
heavy.

Warw. Grief, for the Lady's Innocence; — I fear.

B 2

Beauf.

4 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

Beauf. So would my Nephew Gloucester have replied. —

But ; — of Her Innocence, the reverend Bishops
Will give their upright Judgments. — Heaven knows,
My Heart is void of Malice, — as of Favour :
And, — were it not, my Brethren might suspect
Me partial for the Honour of my Niece ;
I would, my self, assist upon her Trial.

Warw. Come, come ; my Lord of Winchester ; —
For shame,

Prevent a Complot of so foul a Nature !
And free the Dutchess ; — for the Kingdom's Quiet.

Beauf. Wherefore am I reproached ? — Can I
restrain,

Or, can I turn aside, the Course of Law ?

Warw. But if, in Times of zealous Ignorance,
A Law be made, which Reason disannuls ; —

Beauf. *Warwick*, — no more : — Thy Mind is li-
bertine. —

If thou think'st Witchcraft, but a fabled Crime ;
To Morrow, may st Thou, in free Parliament,
Declare in Favour of that deadly Sin,
Our holy Church condemns. — Mean time, We trust,
The Lord Protector's Wife is innocent.

S C E N E III.

Warwick.

Farewell, Hypocrisy and Pride ! — Grey Hairs,
And griping Hands ! — Ambitious ; — harsh, and
dreadfull,
Even to thy Friends ! — What a Disgrace, that
Men, —

That Kings, should stand in Awe of such a Pageant !
A Shew of Sanctity, trick'd up in Scarlet.

Believe in Sorcery ? — No, Cardinal ! —

Thy Wit is not so dull. — What have the Laity

To

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

To do with Faculties, They dare not use? —
Reason, in Us, is Carnal. — Beasts that we are;
To suffer *Rime* to shackle our free Thoughts,
And fool our very Senses! — But, Soft. —
Here comes the Sovereign Power! — Our female Ruler:
In Feature Woman; but, in Heart, a Man;
Fair as the Queen of Beauty; Bold, as Mars.
And see, how *Suffolk* gently moulds her Hand;
And whispers Things, — not fitting for My Ear.

SCENE IV.

Queen Margaret. Duke of Suffolk. Cardinal Beaufort.

Queen. Still in our Favour, *Suffolk* shalt Thou Stand
The Foremost. — Well; my Lord Cardinals —
How goes

The Business of the Day? — Is *Eleanor*
Adjudged? — Or, must her Treason prosper;
And *Henry's* Life submit to magick Spells?
That She may place the Crown on *Gloucester's* Brow;
And drive Us, like a Vagrant, from the Realm.

Suff. First, perish the Protector, and his Friends!

Beauf. Have better Hopes, — Within *Saint Stephen's* Chappel,

This Hour, and more, the Spiritual Court is late
In which, presides his Grace of *Canterbury*.

Queen. I fear his Courage, — Is he firm of Purpose?

Does he not dread that overbearing *Gloucester*?
Can he despise the clamouring Populace;
And prize the Friendship of a grateful Queen?

Beauf. Fear not for *Chicheley*, Madam: Most Orthodox,

In every Point; the Scourge of Hereticks.
He will not be inclin'd to strain for Mercy
Toward One, turn'd Profelyte to *Wickliff's* Errours.

6 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

Queen. But, will your Evidence inforce Conviction? —

For, oftentimes in Courts, when Doubts arise,
Do Crimes evade the Intention of the Law.

Suff. The Queen observes judiciously. — There lies

The very Stress of all our Hopes. — How say you,
My Lord of Winchester? — For should we fail
In this Attempt; —

Beauf. Suffolk; — goe tutour Boys! —
I will not fail, — as Thou did'st fail, in France. —
If you approve not of my Working; — So! —
Get abler Heads,

Queen. The Duke is over-zealous. —
We doubt not of your Policy; long vers'd
In Court-Intrigues. — But, this Affair is Nice;
And, as it turns, Duke Humfrey stands; or falls.

Beauf. Let, who will, fall; — Justice must hold
her Sway.

Such Witnesses are ready to confirm
Each Circumstance of the notorious Fact,
That this proud Dame shall haunt the Court, no more;
Nor yet, abide within the Church's Pale: —
And then, — her Life will be at our Disposal.

Suff. Yours be the Merit: —

Queen. And accept My Thanks.

Oh, Beaufort! — Gratify my Soul in This;
And Thou may'st ask, — ask any Recompence! —
Thy Wealth, — vast as it is, Thou shalt account it
poor!

Drain from all Parts: — Accumulate, at Will!

Beauf. Alas, I covet not! — Of honest Gains
I would have Store, indeed; — for pious Uses.

Suff. Your Eminency is too Good, we know, —
Too Wise; — to misapply your Wealth. — But, see:
The Duke of Buckingham.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The Queen, Duke of Suffolk, Cardinal Beaufort, Duke of Buckingham.

Beauf. What of Dame Eleanor? —

Queen. Speak Buckingham. —

Buckin. Madam, the Trial is over.

Queen. But, how? —

Buckin. I heard her Doom pronounced. —

Queen. Give me the Words. —

Pronounce it o'er again: — Miss not a Tittle.

Buckin. The Bishops were unanimous: — When, from his Throne, Old, venerable Chicheley, thus, gave Sentence.

“ Dame Eleanor; — Thou stand’st convict of Sorcery: —

“ Sorcery most foul, against the Lord’s Anointed; —

“ Our Sovereign Liege: — A Crime, that merits “ Death. —

“ For which Offence, thy Penance is; Bare-foot,

“ To pass along, through the wide City Streets;

“ Carrying a lighted Taper in thy Hand: —

“ That every Witness of Thy publick Shame

“ May see, No Dignity is rais’d above

“ The Censure of the Church. —

Queen. Proceed. — What, more? —

Pause, yet, a While; and recollect the Whole.

Buckin. “ This done; — Close Prisoner, in the Isle “ of Man,

“ Remain in Penitence: — And ask, of Heaven, For- “ giveness.

Such, Madam, is the Sentence on the Dutchess; Who is conducted to the Palace Prison.

Beauf. A merciful Award, for such a Crime!

Queen. It is sufficient, Beaufort! — Let her Live: — Live Infamous; — far, from her Lord, divided; —

8 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

The publick Scorn; — Derision of the Court!

Beauf. I know, your Majesty does not require
Extremity of Justice: —

Queen. No! — Let her live! — To Age, in An-
guish pine:

And, late, enjoy the Happiness of Death.

Oh, my Lord Cardinal; *Suffolk*; *Buckingham*! —

Condemn me not, my Friends, if I rejoice, —

If I exult, in *Eleanor's* Confusion! —

Have I not Reason? — Was I not her *Queen*? —

Yet who, but She, of All the Nobles Wives,

O'erlook'd my Rank; and vied with Me, in Gran-
deur? —

When She appear'd, loaded with Gold and Jewels,

Sweeping her Train along; All Eyes She drew:

While I stood, disregarded, in the Circle;

Or pass'd, unheeded, through the Throng of Courtiers.

Now, — let her draw All Eyes: — Now, let them
gaze

Their Fill; — as, through the croud'd Streets, She
walks

In Penance: — Till, wounded with Revilings,

Remorse be fix'd, for ever, in her Soul! —

But, — I have done. — *Beaufort*; Thy Thought is
busy

Unfold thy Mind.

Beauf. On this Success, — methinks, —

Another might be rais'd; — of higher Import. —

Queen. As how?

Suff. Disclose it to the *Queen*.

Beauf. Somewhat, —

More tending — to the Honour — of the King.

Queen. Speak out; good Cardinal,

Beauf. And yet, — my Zeal,

Perhaps, is over-sedulous.

Buckin. Fear not. —

Suffolk and I shall not betrayt he Secret: —

Suff. Nor, start from any Purpose, — here, approv'd.

Beauf.

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

9

Beauf. What, though the Duke of Gloucester be a Man,

Not lightly moved? — Yet, — can I well conceive, His doating Love for *Eleanor* will raise A Ferment in his Blood. — — — Considering in his Power, And, desperate to prevent her publick Shame; He may be wrought to such a Pitch of Rashness, That We, at once, may lift him from his Office: — His Usurpation of the Sovereign Power.

Queen. That were a Master-Stroke, in Policy!

Beauf. Not, that I bear Displeasure to my Nephew. — — —

But, — while he stiles himself the Lord Protector; He does eclipse the Lustre of the Crown: —

Suff. That, in Another, would be construed Treason: —

Buckin. Nor, is it less, in Him.

Queen. What think you, then; my Lords? — — — Seems not the Cardinal to counsell wisely?

Suff. I think, the Event will answer to our Wishes.

Buckin. It cannot fail. — — —

Queen. Then, — am I Queen, indeed! — — —

Beauf. Or, — should our Expectation fail. — Why, then; —

We think, — again. — You, my Lord *Buckingham*, Find *Gloucester* out; — and, sharpen his Resentments; While I prepare my Brethren, to assert The Justice of their Sentences. — — —

Queen. May your Purpose Prove as successful, as the Hopes are pleasing

S C E N E VI.

The Queen. Duke of Suffolk.

Queen. Protector of the Realm! — It must not be. —

Suff. And yet, — how long, have We endur'd his Sway!

Queen.

10 *Humfrey Duke of Gloucester*

Queen. Is not the King of Years to rule? — *Be-*
side; —

It turns to My Dishonour: — *Y* — And my Father,
In all his Letters, chides my mean Submission.
Must I be *Gloucester's* Pupil, too? — *Oh, Suffolk?* A
If Thou dost love me; — If Thou lov'st Thyself; A
As thou hast Teared me on *England's* Throne,
Let me not be control'd: — Assist, — resolve,
To rescue me from such Disgrace.

Suff. By those bright Charms,
That heavenly Form, which captivates my Soul;
Your *Suffolk* will employ his utmost Skill,
His whole Endeavours; risque his Life and Fame,
To humble haughty *Gloucester* to your Nod! —
And those fair Hands shall hold the Reins of Empire.

Queen. Then, shall my *Suffolk* share the Rule with
Me! —

A Rule, too turbulent for *Henry's* Meekness.

Suff. But, — should *Duke Humfrey* see the King? —

Queen. I know —
His Presence overaws him. — Leave, to Me,
That Care.

Suff. Mean time, will I advise with *Beaufort*;
Whose working Brain is bent on *Gloucester's* Ruin:
Not, for Your Service, Madam; — nor, the King's;
But, to destroy the Man, who Twice accus'd him,
And Studies to defeat his whole Ambition.

Queen. Fear not his towering Hopes. — When the
Time comes,

We shall exclude him from *Saint Peter's* Chair.

SCENE VI

Suffolk *Queen* *Duke of Suffolk* SCENE

Queen Protector of the Realm! — It must not
be — And yet — how long have we endur'd his
Sway!

HUMBERTY, Duke of Gloucester. 11

SCENE VII.

A Prison; belonging to the Palace.

Duchess of Gloucester.

By false Accusers, — by invented Crimes, —
My Enemies have triumphed — Even their Mercy, —

May I not call it Cruelty? — My Death
Had set a speedy Period to their Malice; —

And, placed my Soul above the Rage of Rome.

O, Thou eternal Power, whose piercing Eye
Discerns each secret Guilt; — search thou my Heart! —

And, as Thou know'st Me innocent, support me; —

And, to the World, acquit my blemish'd Fame.

But, here comes One, who doubles my Affliction.

SCENE VIII.

Duchess of Gloucester. Duke of Gloucester.

Dutch. O, Gloucester! — Lord of my Desires! —

My Glory! —

Oh, — wherefore should'st Thou visit Thy Dishonour? —

Fain would I hide my Shame from Thee! — Be gone;

And leave me to my Penance.

Duke. No, — *Eleanor*:

Sooner, would I submit to the Indignity!

Think'st thou, that Gloucester's Wife shall be exposed? —

A Spectacle to gaping Crouds; — the Mock

Of every vulgar Tongue! —

Dutch. My dearest Lord;

For Your loved Sake, I wish, it might not be!

Duke.

12 HUMPHRY, Duke of Gloucester.

Duke. For Thy lov'd Sake, it shall not : — Come, —
what may!

Audacious Prelates! — Ministers of Rome! —
Most wicked Agents to the infernal Foe! —
Could I have suspected you of such Presumption,
You never should have judg'd Her Innocence. —
But, I defy your infamous Tribunal!
Upheld by Frauds, and superstitious Fears. —
Are there not Crimes, sufficient, in the World;
But You must raise fantastick Trespasses,
And tyrannize by Fables? — Foul Delusions!

Dutch. If, to be zealous in the Search of Truth;
If, to abhorrr foul Errours, be a Crime;
Then, is my heavy Condemnation just : —
If Heaven thinks otherwise; — Heaven be my Com-
fort!

Duke. Enough, my Love. — For better Purposes
Reserve thy Tears. — Thy Vertue is thy Guilt. —
But; I will turn it to their own Confusion.

A waxen Image, — to destroy the King! —
No; — base Impostors! — Your pernicious Counsels,
Rome's gainful Superstitions, are His Bane;
The People's Grievance, and the King's Reproach.
— Sweet *Eleanor*, — dismiss thy needless Grief. —
Thou shalt not suffer.

Dutch. But, — the Church enjoins it. —
And, who shall dare oppose What They decree?

Duke. Oppose Iniquity? — Impiety? — and Craft? —
And Pride? — And Insolence; beyond Support! —
Are there no Free, — no Righteous, *English* Spirits? —
Has the Protector, then, no Power? No Friends? —
What? — Give thee up, — a Sacrifice to Falsehood!
And be the Scoff of *Beaufort*; and of *Suffolk*;
And, of that Queen; — indigent *Reiner's* Daughter! —
Judge not, so meanly, of thy *Gloucester's* Love.

Dutch. Alas, my Lord; your Love and your high
Courage
Make you overlook the Dangers, I foresee!

The

The Punishing of Me is but a Snare
For Gloucester's Life. — Should You, to rescue me,
Exert your Power, and summon all your Friends;
Your Enemies, combin'd, will call it Treason.

Duke. It is thy Tenderness creates these Fears! —
Fenced with Integrity, I live secure:
My Loyalty admits of no Suspicion.

Dutch. So, did you judge of Me.

Duke. Perfidious Wretches! —
They promis'd to acquit thee. — But, no more. —
I will protect thee, still. — The noblest Peers,
Whose Wives and Daughters are, in Thee, disho-
nour'd,
Are, All, concern'd; and will avenge this Outrage.

Ere now, thou had'st been set at Liberty;
But that, it seems, I am deny'd Admittance
To the King, my Nephew! — That dowdless
Queen

Has taken him to her Keeping.

Dutch. Be assur'd,
Beaufort and She, Both in Contrivance subtle,
Have plotted, deep, against your envied Power: —
And, — That destroy'd; — Who answers for your
Life? —

Oh, did you know the Terroures of my Heart,
You would not tempt the Malice of your Foes!

Duke. I tempt it not. — But, I am stung, — to
Death! —

And, how shall I divest my self of Feeling? —
Say, injur'd Innocence! — What can I, more?

Dutch. Let your Resentment sleep. — The pa-
tient Mind,
By yielding, overcomes. — This shamefull Penance
Will turn, hereafter, to our lasting Praise;
When Men shall speak of Eleanor's Submission,
And Gloucester's brave Forbearance! — Both, alike,
Preferring England's Quiet, to their Own.

Duke.

74 H U M F R E Y, Duke of Gloucester.

Duke. Excellent Woman! — How doest Thou
perswade!

Dutch. This is no Time for Rage; — nor private
Grudgings.

The People's Discontents, the King's Affairs,
The Nation's Weal, require your cool Advice.

Duke. O, Eleanor, — In Vertue finish'd;
Wife,

Beyond thy Sex! — Well doest Thou caution me.

Dutch. Let them enjoy their poor Revenge, a
While.

Conscious of no Offence, — Why should I grieve?
Where Guilt is absent, there can be no Shame.

Duke. But, — if I live, — I will repay their Ma-
lice.

Fellow; — What would'st thou? — { Enter an
Officer.

Dutch. Good my Lord; — speak gently.
He comes to lead me forth, to —

Duke. Hence, — Miscreant!

Dutch. I do beseech you! — Use your Modera-
tion.

Duke. Begone! — The Duke of Gloucester warns
thee hence: —

The Lord Protector warns thee; — on thy Life!

Dutch. Stay, Officer: — I come. — The Duke
forgets —

Sweet Heaven, appease him, now! — My Lord, —

Duke. I say,
Thou shalt not goe; — till I appoint the Time.

Nay; — Never, will I suffer thee to goe! —

Nor, shalt thou, Here, abide. — I am determin'd! —

If, it be Rashness; — Let me, then, be rash; —

Let me be desperate! — in thy Defence. —

The People, — All, will justify my Conduct.

Dutch. O, my lov'd Gloucester! — Oh, recall your
Reason. —

We

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester. 45

We stand upon a Precipice! — Thus, kneeling,
Do I supplicate. — Preserve your self; and
Me —

Preserve the King; — Preserve the publick Peace: —
And, make not Me the Cause of civil Discord.

Duke. Rise, then, — Thou gentle Calmer of my
Breast;

Balm of my wounded Soul! — I am resign'd —
I will incur no Blame. — Goe, then! — But; —
when

This Penance is perform'd; — Thou must away! —

Yet, — shall the Sea, not long, divide our Loves.

Thou shalt return: — Or, I will hasten after.

Dutch. Mean Time, — Adieu. — Each
Night, —

Each lonely Hour, — will I not cease to pray
For England's Happiness and Gloucester's Safety.

Duke. Heaven have thee in Protection! — This
Embrace, —

Dutch. And — This; — my Lord! —

Duke. Oh, — Eleanor! —

Dutch. Nay, — do not grieve. —

Duke. Do Thou
Not grieve. —

Dutch. Once more, — Adieu. —

Duke. Oh, — Nay! — And, take —
The tenderest Rapture of my Soul, — to cherish! —

S C E N E IX.

Duke of Gloucester.

Then, — by my Sufferings, *Beaufort!* — And
Thou, *Suffolk!* —

And *Margaret,* — Dishonour of the King! —

How'er I bear it outwardly; — think not,
That *Gloucester* lives, Insensible of Wrongs! —

And

16 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

And, you have Wrong'd me, — Where I feel it
Most!

But; — let it sleep. — The publick Wrongs
redress;

And, thy own painfull Griefs, a While, suppress.
Within thy Breast, compose the doubtfull Strife:

Thy Countrey, first, relieve; and then, — thine in-
jur'd Wife.

I will incur no blame. — God, then! — But;

This Penance is perform'd; — Thou must away!

Yet; — shall the Sea, nor long divide our Loves.

End of the First ACT

Each Night —

Each lonely Hour; — will I not cease to pray
For England's Happiness and Gloucester's Safety.

Duke. Heaven have thee in Protection! — This
Embrace; —

Duke. And — This; — my Lord! —

Duke. Of — Eleanor!

Duke. I do not know what to say.

Duke. Do —

Not grieve —

Duke. On —

Duke. On —

The tenderest Rapt — to cherish!



SCENE IX.

Thou; — by my Sufferings, I am free — And

And; — Dithon and the King!

How; — I bear it onward; — thou art;

That Gloucester lives, Inhabitant of Wrong; —



ACT II. SCENE I.

Beaufort. Suffolk.

Beaufort.

I N deed, my Lord, it is a Disappointment.—
I did not think, my Nephew Gloucester could
have been

So Meek! — Perhaps, — his Love is in the Want.

Suff. Rather suspect, He stifles his Resentment;
Deferring Vengeance, to make Vengeance Sure.

Beauf. It is not in his Nature. — A forward In-
fant,

As soon, may be instructed to dissemble.

And yet, — He thinks himself exceeding Wise!

And, the poor Commons praise him, for a Statesman.

Suff. I know not, What to hope; nor, What to
fear. —

But, I repent, we did, so rashly, shew

Our Enmity: — A fruitless Provocation;

Since, it impairs not his establish'd Power.

Beauf. Why This to Me? — Can I bespeak
Events? —

It was the Queen's Desire: — You know, it was.

Suff. You turn too quick upon my Thought! —

I grant,

It was the Queen's Desire. — But, mostly She de-
mands,

That the Protector's Power be overthrown.

C

Beauf.

18 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

Beauf. Not, in an Instant; sure!— My good Lord *Suffolk*.—

A little Patience;— and it may be done.

Suff. But; let us still be mindful,— that, to Morrow,—

Beauf. First, let to Morrow come!— Or,— come This Night!—

In That short Interval, may lie, conceal'd,
An Hour, that shall determine *Humfrey's* Rule.

Suff. I grow impatient!— That, the Glass of Time

Had, Now, begun to measure out That Hour!

Beauf. Suppose him, then exasperated:— Whether,

For *Eleanor's* Disgrace;— Or, being refus'd
To see the King:— Or, Both.— Ere Night, he may,
With Indignation stung, give up his Office.—

Not, that I build Thereon.— He may, to Morrow,
Be absent from a Parliament, thus summon'd,
Without consulting Him. Or,— at the Worst;—
Let us suppose,— he shou'd appear,— prepar'd;—
With all his Friends, to Noise it on his Side!—

Suff. Ay, my Lord Cardinal:— That Supposition!—

Beauf. Yet,— even then, we undertake to triumph!

Suff. Therein, I do confess, My Foresight fails.

Consider,— He is eloquent of Speech;

In Utterance, bold: And, has obtain'd such Credit,
That All assent to What His Lips averr.

Then,— there is *Warwick*; of a Wit, engaging;
Keen, in Debate; and ready, to reply;

And,— *York*; who pours a Torrent of Discourse:

And,— *Salisbury*; of a dangerous Discernment.

How can We stem this Tide of Enmity?

Beauf. By superiour Skill.— Since, we are embark'd,

We must not faint: But, steady, steer our Course.

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester: 19

Two Tempests, rais'd by Gloucester and his Faction;
Already have I weather'd! —

Suff. My Doubts arise,
Not out of Fear; but, Caution. — Propose
Some Speedy Counsel, for our common Safety!

Beauf. First, — let his Majesty prepare a Speech; —
A Speech, wherein He thanks the Duke, his Uncle,
For his long, faithful Services: — Then, adds;
That, Now, in Manhood ripe, his Sovereign Dignity
Demands, the Lord Protector's Office should expire.

Suff. This will not be displeasing to the King.

Beauf. Or, if it should; — the Queen must, then,
employ

Her powerful Influence. — That Point secur'd;
We must be diligent: Try every Art

To canvass Voices: — Win over some, with Hopes;
And some, with Fears, — And, buy our spendthrift
Lords,

And needy Commons.

Suff. It seems a happy Thought!

But here comes Gloucester: — And, — in his Court-
tenance,
Displeasure lowers.

Beauf. As I could wish! — Let us
Abide his Frowns; — and, sound his Discontents.

SCENE II.

Beaufort. Suffolk. Gloucester.

Gloucester. Say, Duke of Suffolk; and You, my reve-
rend Uncle;

What is my Crime; — that I am, thus, deny'd
Admittance to the King? — I thought, my Office,
My Right of Blood, and my unwearied Services,
Might, every Hour, intitle me to a Hearing:
Whether to advise; request; or, to remonstrate.

Suff. Suffolk does not presume to blame the King;

20 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

Nor yet, to charge your Highness with a Crime.

Beauf. Perhaps, — his Majesty is indispos'd:
Perhaps, — it is His Pleasure to be private.
What have the Duke, and I, to do? — The King
Is of full Years to regulate his Conduct;
And, may consult, When, and with Whom, He pleases.

Gloucest. I understand you Both. — Let the King's
Conduct,
Let all his Actions (copying his great Father!)
Tend to the Advancement of his own Renown;
The Nation's Honour; and the People's Welfare:
And, *Gloucester* is indifferent, Who advises;
Or, Whence proceed such glorious Resolutions.

Beauf. For those great Ends (no doubt) our Royal
Nephew
Means to consult the Council of the Nation: —
And, Heaven direct them!

Suff. You, my Lord Protectour,
Suspending, for a Time, domestick Cares,
Will not be absent from our Consultations. —
Account it some Relief, that, for Your Sake,
All good Men grieve, the Dutchess should incur
Such heavy Censure.

Gloucest. I disdain the Insult!
This poor Dissimulation! — 'Tis ignoble. —
I, ne'er, could learn such Meanness toward my Foes!
To You, my Lord, — and to That Cardinal, —
And — to the Queen, I stand indebted, for
The rude Treatment of my Wife. —

Beauf. She deserv'd it.

Gloucest. That is a Slander, ill-becomes thy Priest-
hood! —

Beauf. Was she not sentenced by due Course of
Law?
Though, sentenced short, — far short, of Her De-
merits!

Gloucest. Her whole Demerits are, That, in Re-
ligion,

She

She reasons more, perhaps, than You allow:
Perhaps rejects, as frivolous and vain,
What Churchmen teach of Witchcraft, and of Spells.
She, likewise, may have given some slight Offence
To our fair Niece; — this Queen! — of *Suffolk's*
making.

To these Demerits add, that *Gloucester* loves her;
That She is Wife to the Protector. — These,
And These, alone, are *Eleanor's* Demerits!

Beauf. She cleaves to *Wickliff's* Hereſe! — De-
clare

That boasted Merit to the Spiritual Court;
And, give her up to Flames: — And, clear thy
self

Of all Suspicion. —

Gloucester. Most degenerate *Beaufort*!
Thou base-born Offspring of brave *Lancaster*;
My famous Grandſire: — Doeſt thou, then, dis-
turb

Thy bleſſed Father's Reſt? — The mighty Patron
Of learned *Wickliff*, and His Followers.

Beauf. Dares,

Then, the Protector of the Realm avow —

Suff. Lord Cardinal; no farther urge his Highneſs;
Since, as a Husband, he is much incens'd.

Beauf. Not ſo, my Lord. — His Hated to the
Church

He ſhews; — more, than his conjugal Affection;

Gloucester. Audacious Priest! — Unworthy of the
Garb

Of holy Men: Unhallowed, by thy Life;

The Scandal of the Church; — a Viper, in the
State! —

Thou Reprobate! — Doeſt Thou preſume to cenſure a

Malice, Hypocriſy, Avarice, and Pride,

And Turbulency, and Ambition, — and

Lewd Deſires (the Infamy of Age!)

Pollute thy ſacred Dignity; and, ſtain thy Robes: —

Those Robes (Thou know'st) my Brother (well discerning

Thy Sawcy Arrogance) did often charge thee,
On thy Allegiance, never to assume.

Beauf. Then, Gloucester, — by That sacred Dignity, henceforward

I set thee at Defiance! — And, in Return
To thy reproachfull Speech; Thou art — a Traitour!
Thou doest abett the Treason of thy Wife;
That darling Sorcerers! — Both trafficking with Hell,
To waste the King, and to usurp his Crown.

Gloucest. Wert thou the Sovereign Pontiff, triply crown'd,

That Calumny is the Forfeit of thy Life! —

Suffolk; let goe; —

Suff. I must arrest your Fury. —

Let his Age, his holy Function, stay your Arm.

Beauf. No, *Suffolk*: — Let him execute his Purpose.

Let him imbrue his Hands in the innocent Blood
Of his old, feeble, and defenceless, Uncle.

Gloucest. Curse on the Kindred! — Be doubly curs'd the Law,

Whereby thy casual Birth became Legitimate:
Else, had'st thou liv'd Obscure; — and, much less Guilty.

Beauf. I know my Crime; the Source of all thy Rage.

I must not live to curb thy headstrong Power;
That Thou may'st lord it, free from all Controul.

Gloucest. Live, scorn'd! — Live to make Good thy Charge of Treason.

Full Five and Twenty Years, in Loyalty
Approv'd; My Counsels, however cross'd by Thee,
Did always tend to aggrandize my Nephew;
The precious Pledge of his immortal Father!

When, yet, our Sovereign's Voice was infant Cries:
A Cradle, for his Throne; — Did, ever, I

(Taking

(Taking the Advantage of his tender Years)
Employ my Power, or practice on his Life,
To step into his Seat? — Even, to this Hour,
Has the Protector labour'd, to compose
Our home-bred Factions, and unite the Nobles
In dutifull Subjection to their King.

What Enmities, what Friendships have I made,
Through my Administration; but, with Men,
Who are his best of Friends, or worst of Foes?

Perverse old Man! Shameless Abuser! — Know;
If, *Gloucester* were disloyal; — if, I could
Betray my Trust, and stoop to Usurpation:
I should not have Recourse to idle Spells;
But, to my Sword: — That Sword, which (with
Success)

Under my godlike Brother's dreadful Banner,
Has fought for *England's* Glory; now declining,
Through *Beaufort's*, and through *Suffolk's*, wicked
Counsels.

Suff. To Morrow, *Gloucester*, speak —

Beauf. Make no Reply. —

Your Grace perceives, He is not in a Temper
To reason with his Friends. — He must have time
To cool. —

SCENE III.

Gloucester.

Away! — I would not learn from Thee! —
Thou temperate Villain; in Unforgiveness cool:
Who puttest a Gloss of Sanctity on Malice;
And seem'st to weep, and seem'st to pray, for those,
Thou would'st destroy. —

S C E N E IV.

Gloucester. Warwick. York.

Gloucester. Why droops the noble *York*, —
And *Warwick*; — ever wont to cheer his Friends? —
Or, does the Discomposure in My Looks,
Where Signs of inward Grief and Indignation
Appear confus'd, transform you to My Likeness?

York. What generous Breast, but saddens, with your
Highness!

Warw. What pitying Eye, seeing what We beheld,
But wept; — as *Gloucester's* crimeless Consort pass'd,
In Penance rude, along the flinty Streets! —

York. And ever, when some rugged Pebble wounds
Her tender-feeling Feet, the abject Rabble
Scoff, as she starts with Anguish of the Pain;
And, bid her be advised, how she treads: —

Warw. While pale, and red, by Turns, with guilt-
less Shame,
To Earth she bends, — sometimes to Heaven she lifts,
Her ruefull Eyes, — profuse of gushing Tears. —

Gloucester. No more; my Friends. — — — Distraction
to my Soul! —

I apprehend you, well: And, you have rous'd
My couching Rage. — — — Reproach me, then: And say;
Yet, *Gloucester* lives? — Yet, *Gloucester* is a Prince! —
Yet, *Gloucester* is Protector! — — — But, I do renounce
My ignominious Patience: — — — Yes; I will retrieve
My past Neglect; and vindicate my Love.

Warw. But; — She is gone: A mournfull, wi-
dow'd Exile!

Gloucester. They shall recall her: — Ere I sleep, dis-
patch
Their Orders. — — — I will go my self; will bring
Her back, in Triumph! — Will demand such Ven-
geance,

That

HUMBERT, Duke of Gloucester. 35

That *Beaufort*, and the *Queen*, shall rue my Wrath;
Shall curse their Malice; their Success: And feel,
That injur'd Patience, kindled into Rage,
Is fierce; — is fatal, as the long-pent Thunder,
That shoots the destin'd Bolt with double Fury!

York. Let *Gloucester* but resolve; We come, deter-
min'd,

To stand the foremost Champions in your Cause.

Warw. It is the King's, — it is the Nation's,
Cause!

Both abus'd, by a restless, base-designing, Fac-
tion. —

O, call to Mind, the mighty Host of Friends,
Who Wait but Your Command. —

Gloucester. There lies my Dread! — And, I
retract my Rage.

The King's, the Nation's, Cause is, Now, at Ven-
ture:

And, Heaven forbid, My Wrongs, however grievous,
Should stir the People up to rude Commotions.

Rather, let *Gloucester's* Friends, and chiefly *You*,
And *Salisbury* (for his Wisdoms justly famed)
Assist, to still the Murmurs of the People;
And reconcile the Commons to the King.

Warw. We, and our Followers, are prepar'd to for-
ward

Those Measures, the Protector shall approve.

York. Must, then, your Vertue suffer? —

Gloucester. Oh, my Friends! —

Let not My Sufferings interfere with Aught,
That may concern the Happiness of Thousands.

Why, was I born a Prince? — Why, singled out
To ward the King? — The Pilot of the State,
Just foundering in continual Storms of Faction!

Had Providence dispos'd my Lot, more humble;
Not placed me high, within the publick View;
But, led me in the private Paths of Life:

Then, — *Eleanor*, — Thy Happiness, Thy Wrongs,
Thine

26 H U M F R E Y, Duke of Gloucester.

Thine every Wish, had been my chief Regard!

Excuse, my Lords, this Weakness, in your Friend. —

My ruffled Thoughts are, yet, unapt for Business.

This Evening (when I shall be more compos'd)

Expect me, to consult against to Morrow.

Tork. Your Highness will appoint the Hour.

Gloucester. At Eight.

Tork. The Place.

Gloucester. At *Warwick's*.

Warw. Thither, will I assemble

A Band of Patriots; — Men, approv'd by *Gloucester*.

S C E N E V.

Tork. *Warwick.*

Tork. Thou Father to the King; and, to thy Country!

How ill are all thy Services requited?

Warw. Well, do the People stile Thee Good; Thou, Best

Of Men! — But, what avails thy Goodness? While *Henry* is beset with Priests and Sycophants;

And that imperious *Margaret* wrests the Scepter, From his weak Hand, employ'd to finger Beads.

Tork. Slaves that we were! — Did *Suffolk* merit, Thanks,

For treating this unreputable Match;

By *Gloucester*, disapprov'd?

Warw. Those hasty Thanks

We may recall. — But, see; — my Father seeks us.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

Tork. Warwick. Salisbury.

Salisb. What think you, Now? — Were Mine,
but vain Surmises?

Or, was the Net spread, only, for the Dutchess?

Tork. What farther Mischiefs, *Salisbury*, do you trace?

Salisb. The Duke, and all His Friends (expressly
We)

Are shut out from the King, now sate in Council! —

And yet, the Parliament is held, to Morrow!

By this Procedure, it seems evident,

They mean to set aside the Lord Protector.

Warw. Then, *England*, bid Adieu to all thy Hopes!

Tork. Before they can divest him of his Office,

They must obtain the Parliament's Concurrence.

Salisb. Even That may be obtain'd. — But,

Where is *Gloucester*?

Or, lives he, still, supine; wrapt up, in his
Integrity?

Warw. This Evening, at My House,

We are to meet him.

Tork. But, with his wonted Goodness,

He gives up his Resentments to the State;

And does intreat, His Wrongs may not be mention'd.

Warw. Even the fond Husband to the Patriot yields!

Salisb. That honest Men should be so blinded by

Their Vertue! — So devoid of Jealousy!

Tork. My Heart is troubled for the banish'd Dutchess.

Salisb. Know, then; I have prevail'd with Sir *John*

Stanley,

To keep his Prisoner here, a Day, at least. —

But, of This, the Duke is not to be inform'd.

Let Him believe her, gone; —

Warw. Or, He would visit her,

This Night. —

Tork.

28 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

York. That must not be. —

Salish. But, to return. —

Malice towards Him, is Malice towards the Publick! —

How shall we save the State, if He be ruin'd?
And, how prevent His Ruin, if we suffer
These wicked Counsellours, about the King?

York. And, how remove them from his Person?

Salish. By Attainder. —
Their Crimes will furnish out a Charge, to crush
The Mignion of the Queen, her new-made Duke,
And that old Serpent, *Beaufort*.

Warw. These remov'd;
Deluded *Buckingham* has no Support.

Salish. Let other Business wait, 'till This be done.
What, though the mean Artificers did make
A Holiday? — What, though the houseless Crew,
Who live upon the Dole of Priests, did shout? —
The Citizens, the Commoners, the Peers,
All, who have Sense of Vertue, mourn'd to see
Good *Gloucester's* Wife abus'd. All cry aloud,
We will avenge the good Duke *Humfrey*! — This

Occasion,
The last we e'er may have, must not be lost.

York. 'Tis well advis'd, my Lord: You lay, before
us,
The Danger, and the Safety, of the Nation. —
We must begin by weeding out these Traitors.

What profits all the Plowman's Skill and Pain,
If Tares and Brambles choke the rising Grain?
What Force have Laws to make the People blest,
If factious Spirits do the State molest?

End of the Second ACT.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Beaufort. Buckingham.

Beaufort.

YOU may rely upon my Information.—

I paid a liberal Price, to learn the Secret.

Buck. Then, my Lord Cardinal, we stand in Need
Of all your Forecast. — It asks, both Force and Skill,
To ward the heavy Stroke of an Attainder.

Beauf. Be not dismay'd. — Fear nurses up a Dan-
ger:

And Resolution kills it, in the Birth.

The Dye is cast!

Buck. You shall approve Me, steadfast.

Beauf. Our Time is short: — The Night draws
on, apace. —

The Queen, and *Suffolk*, must be found. — In Him,
Our Safety lies. — 'Tis well, our Foes attempt
His Life, with Mine. —

Buck. Behold them Both.

Beauf. Mark, then,

How we shall Work upon Her tender Fears.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Beaufort. Buckingham. Queen. Suffolk.

Queen. At last, my Lord of *Winchester*, the King
Will not have *Gloucester*, longer, bear the Title,
Nor derogating Office, of Protector:
And, if a Woman be allow'd to judge,
The Speech is well-adapted to our Purpose.

Beauf. But, Madam; That is not Sufficient, Now.

Suff. Yet, is it not a Matter to be slighted.

Beauf. I slight it not. — But, *Suffolk*, we must
take,

Yet bolder Measures; and, with Speed: Or, all
Our past Endeavours —

Queen. What new Obstacles?

Beauf. Our Enemies are alarm'd for the Protec-
tour. —

This Night, do *Gloucester*, *Salisbury*, *Warwick*, *York*,
(With many more of their Cabal) assemble,
At *Warwick's*, to contrive —

Queen. What can they, There,
Contrive? — The King is Ours.

Buckin. What Favourites dread: —
The never-failing Means to curb their Power.

Suff. What Mischief?

Beauf. An Attainder.

Queen. Against Whom? —
What Favourites dread! — Speak, *Buckingham*; Speak,

Beaufort:

Who are to fall the Victims to their Rage?

Beauf. My Self; — and *Suffolk*.

Queen. *Suffolk*! — did'st thou say?

Beauf. It may be, — *Buckingham* will not escape.

Queen. But, answer as to *Suffolk*!

Beauf. Chiefly Him!

Queen.

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester. 31

Queen. Pernicious Prelate! — Medling, hoary Trai-
tour!

Attempting all Things; and, performing Nothing!
Is This the Fruit of thy malicious Counsels? —
Were we not prompted on, by Thee? — Did'st Thou
Not forge the Crime? Did'st Thou not, basely, hire
False, perjur'd Witnesses? — The King shall know it:
Gloucester shall be Protector, still: The Dutchess
Shall have ample Recompence, — from Thee;
And double all her Sufferings, on Thy Head! —

Suff. Let me intreat your Majesty —

Queen. No, *Suffolk*! —

I see my Errour; — Thy Ruin, and my Own! —
I know the formidable Power, against us:
I know, My Marriage, and the giving up
Of *Maine* and *Anjou*, will be urg'd, to Morrow,
To Thy Destruction. — We must join with *Glou-*
cester;

Ask his Forgiveness: — And, renounce this Cardinal;
This wily, — this most inauspicious, Priest. —
But; 'Tis the Curse of busy, ambitious Churchmen,
Ever to plot; and, Never, to succeed!

Beauf. Now, give an injur'd Prelate leave to Speak;
But, not in Words of Bitterness. — Your Majesty,
And *Suffolk*, may renounce me: — Yet, is *Beaufort*
Not destitute of Friends. — The Mitred Powers,
Bishops and Abbots, and the Holy See,
Protect My Innocency. — Let Others seek
For Shelter, where they may! —

Suff. Lord Cardinal,
Too hastily you take Offence. — Blame not
The Queen's Surprise.

Beauf. I shall not intermeddle: —
Nor, will I, vainly, sue for *Humfrey's* Favour.
The Queen (who knows him, better than his Uncle)
May find Acceptance, for her try'd Affection
To *Eleanor*: —

Queen. Most insciant Seducer! —

Beauf.

32 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

Beauf. And *Suffolk's* Services are so notorious,
He cannot fear Injustice from the Parliament.

Suff. My Lord of *Winchester*; you know, the People,
Incens'd by our Proceedings, —

Queen. Fear not, *Suffolk*!

This moody Parliament shall be prorogued;
Month, after Month. — Or, if They, never, meet:
It is a Form, the King may, well, dispense with.

Suff. That, were to ruin Him; your Self; and,
Me.

Buck. Alas, your Majesty is, yet, a Stranger
To the free, stubborn, Spirits of the *English*! —
Tenacious of their ancient Rights and Customs,
They will not be controll'd, but by their Laws:
Nor, is the King, without his Parliament, secure.

Queen. What can be done? —

Suff. Your Eminency sees,
The Queen would be advis'd.

Beauf. Not I. — Let Those
Advise, who cover an unthankfull Office.

Let them attaint: — We shall appeal to *Rome*.

Queen. *Beaufort*, excuse a Woman's weak Alarms.
It is Affection, What you construe Rage:
It is a Dread, a Terror, for my Friends!

Fain, would I turn aside the impending Mischief;
And, want not Resolution, to attempt:
But, let me know, What is to be attempted!

Say then, my Lord; advise us, yet, once more;
And finish That, you have so well begun.

Beauf. There is but one Expedient, now to ex-
tricate

The King from Tutelage, and save your Friends:
And You, alone, are equal to the Task.

Queen. Then, count it done, my Lords! — And,
count my Will,
In all Attempts, superiour to my Power.

Beauf. Thus, then: — The King must be pre-
vail'd upon

To

To grant an Order for the immediate Seifure
Of Gloucester; — And his Servants, —

Suff. The Protectour! —

Beauf. Is *Suffolk* startled, then? —

Queen. *Beaufort*, proceed.

Beauf. I stand reprov'd.

Queen. An Order, you were saying,

To Seife the Lord Protectour, and his Servants: —
I like it well.

Beauf. Only upon Suspicion
(I mean) of Treason, to confine my Nephew
To his Apartment; — For a Day, at most.

Queen. His Exclusion from the King will Countenance
This Order: —

Beauf. And, his Party, seeing that Stroke
Pursued, will be Confounded with Surmises.

Beside; — It does prevent their Meeting Him,

At *Warwick's*: — And, we gain a Day, to vote

His Office, void. — That Difficulty, conquer'd;

The Parliament may be dissolv'd, at Pleasure.

Queen. *Suffolk*, and *Buckingham*; — How say you,
Now;

Suff. The Advice is bold: And, it may prove
succesfull.

Buckin. It tallies, well, with what is done already.

Queen. I answer for the King: —

Beauf. And I, for *Gloucester*;

That We shall never dread his Anger, more.

Queen. My Lord of *Winchester*; You must with
Me. —

The King shall thank you.

Beauf. I decline, in Years.

When I am dead; your Majesties will lose

An humble, faithful, unambitious, Servant.

SCENE III.

Buckingham. Suffolk.

Suff. Who is there, *Beaufort*, does not know Thee,
better!

Buckin. His Actions and his whole Deportment
glare,

Conspicuous, through the slender Veil of Words.

Suff. Such gross Dissimulation (like a Mist,
Before some Meteor) magnifies his Vices.

But, *Buckingham*, his Insolence must pass
Uncheck'd; 'till He has wrought his Spite on *Gloucester*:

Then, cast him off!

Buckin. Herein, I dare believe
His Heart Sincere.

Suff. There is no Room for Doubt:
Since, *Gloucester* is a Bar to his Ambition.

Yet, when the Lord Protector is remov'd;
The Queen (who knows his priestly Pride) resolves
To disappoint him of the Popedome. —

Thus much, for Your Instruction. — Let him work
For Us. — Let him succeed; or, fail: — In This,
His Malice is his only Recompense;

In That, we turn the Blame on Him, alone.

Buckin. He has dispers'd large Summs, to purchase
Voices.

Suff. Urge him to More. — His Treasures are
immense! —

Nor, must We spare, on this Occasion.

Buckin. See! —

The Lord Protector.

Suff. We may learn his Business.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Buckingham. Suffolk. Gloucester.

Gloucester. Since the King's Pleasure is (if so it be)
That I remain excluded from his Councils;
I hope, I may, through *Suffolk's* Intercession,
Speak to the Queen.

Suff. The Queen! — My Lord Protector?

Gloucester. Why not, the Queen?
I have no favour'd Whispers to impart,
You and the Duke your Friend, may hear my Business;
So, might the King. — Nay more; I give my Word,
You will be pleas'd with what I have to say.

Suff. We ask not What. — Lord *Buckingham*, do
You
Let the Queen know the Pleasure of his Highness.

Gloucester. No! — Not my Pleasure: — But, my
poor Request.

SCENE V.

Suffolk. Gloucester.

Suff. Your Pardon, Sir: — I did not mean Of-
fence.

Gloucester. Vain-glorious *Suffolk*; Yes! — Through-
out the long
Continuance of my high Power, I never us'd
Such Arrogance of Speech to my Inferiours:
And, Equals (Since my Brother *Bedford's* Death)
Amongst my Fellow-Subjects, have I None!
Nor, can I have; untill a Prince of *Wales*
Be born. — Nay; frown not, Duke of *Suffolk*! —
Duke, By your Treachery to the King, and to His
Realm.

36 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

Suff. Our Frowns, perhaps, bear equal Dread with Yours.

The same consenting Powers, that gave to you Authority to be our Lord Protector, Have thought, My Services deserv'd their Thanks. The Peace and Marriage have not been displeasing To the King and Parliament; however *Gloucester* May be offended.

Gloucester. I do remember, well, Thy boastful Speeches; — How, thou did'st beguile The Lords and Commons of their publick Thanks. — But, Parliaments have, often, been surpris'd; And, often, have retriev'd their past Mistakes.

Suffolk. Your arbitrary Sway demands their Notice.

S C E N E VI.

Suffolk. Gloucester. Beaufort.

Gloucester. Insult me not, proud Mignon! — Thou art not

Privileged in abusive Words, like *Beaufort*.

Beauf. Why, my Lord *Suffolk*, should you hold Discourse

With over-boiling Choler? — 'Tis his Temper:

It, ever, was. — He thinks it, Manliness;

A most Exalted Vertue! —

Gloucester. 'Tis a Temper,

An Openness of Heart, in which I glory;

The Failing (if you please) of honest Minds:

A Quality, unsafe for Men, like Thee!

Beauf. A Quality, indeed, I envy not;

Content with Talents of an humbler Kind.

Suff. The Queen. —

We leave your Highness.

Gloucester. I beseech you, stay.

I will not, long, detain you: And, my Business Regards the Publick; not, my own Concerns.

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Suffolk. Gloucester. Beaufort. Queen.

Queen. What would the Lord Protector, then, with Us ?

Gloucester. That Title, Madam, is become a Crime ;
The only Crime, that *Gloucester* knows : Unless,
Your Majesty is pleas'd to inform me ; Why,
A Prince, and Peer, of *England* is deny'd
Admittance to the King.

Queen. We come not, hither,
To answer Questions. — I was told, you had
Some Business to impart. — If so ; be brief.

Gloucester. Madam, I know, Affairs of State demand
you.

Brief, then : I would resign my needless Office ;
Whether to you, or to the King.

Queen. I underrake,
My royal Consort will not be displeas'd.

Gloucester. He has no Will, but Yours. — Before,
you came

To grace the Court, My Counsels bore some Weight ;
But, Your Superiour Wisdom makes them useless :
And, I have held my Office, much too long.
Therein I merit Blame.

Queen. Yes ; Scornful Man !

Too long thou hast held it ; and, too proudly,
govern'd :

As if, while *Gloucester* lives, the Majesty
Of *England* must submit to Tutelage ;
And, be the Scorn of all the Neighbouring Princes :
A By-Word, in the Mouth of every Subject !

Beaufort. I must commend my Nephew's Resolution ;
Nor, can it be unwelcome to the King ;
Whose regal Dignity your Majesty consults.

38 H U M F R E Y, *Duke of Gloucester.*

Gloucest. Peace, *Beaufort*, Peace! — Nor, Madam,
think that You
(Though crown'd, with Pomp, as Queen of this fair
Realm)

Have any Right, to censure my Endeavours
To serve, alike, my Countrey, and my King;
Whose Interests are the same: — Not facted Wedlock
Is a closer Tie. — As for My Actions;
To our Sovereign Lord; the Nobles, and the Commons,
(Our legal Powers) am I accountable: —
And, so is *Beaufort*; and your Favourite, *Suffolk*;
And You, my royal Dame!

Queen. Presumptuous Man! —

Suff. Why should your Majesty, thus, condescend —

Queen. The vain Applauses of the wretched Commons
Have swoln thy Heart with Pride! —

Beauf. They have, indeed.

Who has not heard the Blast of vulgar Breath,
Calling him *Humfrey*, the Good Duke of *Gloucester*;
Clapping their Hands, and crying with loud Voice,
Long may your royal Excellency live;
With, Heaven preserve the Good Duke *Humfrey*! —

Suff. No Mention of the King, in all their Tran-
sport: —

Duke *Humfrey* reigns!

Queen. I blush, my Lords,
To recollect, how gentle *Henry's* Goodness
Has been abus'd. —

Gloucest. And, Madam, *Gloucester* blushes:
But, not for any Guilt of His.

Queen. Most insolent! —
To Whom dost Thou intend the Provocation?
Speak out thy Insinuations: — We defy thee! —
But, *Gloucester*, if thou dar'st to loose thy Tongue
Against my Fame, unsully'd, as the Light;
Here, by my royal Father's Life, I swear
Perdition on thy Head! — More fatal Vengeance,
Than, ever, injur'd Woman did accomplish.

Gloucest.

Gloucester. Wherein, do I accuse your Majesty?
 I answer, only, as to my Sovereign's Goodness;
 Never, abus'd by Me. — These busy Flies,
 That ever seek the Sunshine of the Court,
 Will ruin Him, and You. — I am content
 To quit my Apartment in the Palace. — And,
 (Whatever They, through Envy, may suggest)
Gloucester was never fondly ambitious
 Of popular Applause. — If, to do Justice,
 If, to protect the Commons from Oppression,
 Be judg'd a Crime; I am, indeed, most criminal.
 And, yet; unless the Commons do enjoy
 Their Rights; and, be indulg'd their Freedom;
 In my poor Thought, the King, with all his Nobles,
 Is destitute; unable to repell
 A foreign Foe; or rule in Peace, at Home.

S C E N E VIII.

Suffolk. Gloucester. Beaufort. Queen. Buckingham.

Queen. Say, *Buckingham*, —

— *Buckin.* All is prepar'd.

Queen. 'Tis well. —

Gloucester, thy idle Speeches pass my Ear,
 As does the wafting Wind.

(*Beauf.* Madam, you see, though)
 My Nephew can deciaim.

Queen. By *Gloucester's* Actions,
 Will I interpret his fair-seeming Words.

Was it not He, my Lords, oppos'd my Marriage;
 Which my Good Lord of *Winchester* approv'd?
 Was it not He, who scorn'd my Father's Titles?
 Of *Naples*, *Scitily*, *Jerusalem*, King!
 Was it not *Gloucester*, did uphold his Wife
 To bear her Port above me, in the Palace?
 And who, beside this Duke, in every Thing,
 Has check'd my Power, and thwarted my Desires! —

40 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

All which Indignities, when I forgive;
May I be hooted through the Streets, like *Eleanor*!

Gloucester. Were You unfortunate, She would not triumph.

Queen. I see through thy Submission; mistaken Man! —

Thou doest resign an Office, thou hast not Power,
Longer, to hold: — Nay, dar'st not hold it, longer.

Gloucester. Not dare to hold our Office? — Yes;
We dare! —

Nor, will we give it up to *Reiner's* Daughter,
Whose whole Inheritance is empty Titles;
Whom *Eleanor* surmounts, in every Vertue! —

See my Submission? — No; Mistaken Woman! —

Not dare; proud *Margaret*? — Every Thing We dare,

That our Allegiance warrants! — We, even, dare
To disabuse the King; — which *Suffolk* dares not do:
Suffolk, who brought the Curse —

Queen. Arrest the Traitour!

Gloucester. Arrest the Lord Protector; —

Queen. Him; — this Instant! —

Gloucester. Who holds his Power, by Parliament? —

Queen. Yes: Seize him! —

That Duke of *Gloucester*, there! —

Gloucester. Who offers
Such Violence (though, in the Presence-Chamber)
Tempts my Sword.

Queen. *Suffolk*, forbear! — We come not, here,
to combat. —

Lord *Buckingham*; produce your Orders.

Buckin. Your Highness may peruse them.

Queen. My Lord of *Winchester*, do You remain;
And, bring us an Account of his Behaviour.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Gloucester. Beaufort. Buckingham.

Gloucester. I see, His Majesty, hereby, commands,
That I should, on Suspicion of high Treason,
Remain confin'd to my Apartment; 'till
His Pleasure be, farther, known. — I obey. —
Seem not surpris'd, good Uncle: Though, You know,
This Order is illegal. — But, We Obey.

Beauf. The King, best, knows the Limits of his
Power.

With Him, you may dispute —

Gloucester. Not, with the King; —
But, with his new Advisers.

Buckin. Your Highness may observe,
My Orders do admit of no Delay.

Gloucester. I go. — Uncle, good Night.

To Morrow, We may talk, in Parliament.

Mean Time, We sleep: — If we are innocent,
We, Both, may sleep. — Lord *Buckingham*; my Duty
To my lov'd Sovereign. — Alas! He knows not,
If *Gloucester* should be over-born by Faction,
Or, die of Grief; He has not, long, to wear
His Crown. — Once more, my reverend Uncle,
Good Night.

Beauf. A sweet, and sound Repose, to *Gloucester*.

SCENE X.

Beaufort.

Humfrey, farewell: — And, when I do behold
Thy Face, again; then, may thy Looks have Power
To blast my Thought with Madness! — To Mor-
row,

Wilt

42 **HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.**

Wilt thou talk in Parliament? — Thy to Morrow
I cast into Eternity! — But; How? —
The Manner of the Deed lies, yet, confus'd. —
This way; — Or, — That: — Ay — So! —

SCENE XI.

Beaufort. Warwick.

Warw. What should detain the Lord Protector! —

Beauf. No: —

That will not do. —

Warw. He may mistake the Hour. —

Beauf. Ha! — What Voice? — The Earl of

Warwick. —

Warw. Lord Cardinal! —

'Tis somewhat Strange, to find You, out of Council,
At such a busy Time.

Beauf. Perhaps, You come

To seek the Duke of Gloucester; now, unhappily,
Under Confinement.

Warw. Under Confinement! —

How? Where? Why? — Unhappily! —

Contrivance, all! — It must; — A Plot of Thine:
Who, else, durst to —

Beauf. Pass on to his Apartment;

And, He may be at Leisure to inform you.

Warw. A Prisoner? — The Protector of the
Realm! —

By what Authority? — Say, Bishop; — Cardi-
nal! —

Beauf. Young, hasty *Warwick*, question not thy
Betters;

Who owe thee no Reply.

Warw. But, we shall find

A Time, and Place, to question Thee, — to Purpose.

For, if the King, herein, has been advis'd

To stretch his Power, beyond the Law; Thy Malice,
Thy

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester. 43

Thy daring Malice, only, has betray'd him.

Beauf. Rash Boy, thy Menaces rise short of Me;
Who move within a Sphere, exalted high,
Above thy Lay-Condition! — We love our Nephew:
And, to our best Abilities, We serve the King.
Adieu: — And, learn more Reverence to Our Or-
der,

SCENE XII.

Warwick.

Proud, — and Rich Cardinal! — No wonder
Thou art proud:

Thy Order can be Proud and Poor: In Shew,
Most humble; in Heart, most arrogant. — *The Monk,*
That asks an Alms, is a proud, lazy Varlet. —
Fie upon this Mockery! —

O, might I live to bless the happy Day,
When *Rome*, no more, usurps tyrannick Sway! —
Or, That deny'd; may our Descendents see
The Land, throughout, from Superstition free:
With Kings, who fill an independent Throne,
And know no Power, Supreme, beside their Own!

End of the Third ACT.





ACT IV. SCENE I.

York. Salisbury.

York.

BY Heaven, it makes me mad! — The Queen
and *Suffolk*

Govern the King; and, *Beaufort* governs Them.

Salisb. Let them go on. — This Act of Violence
Renders them more obnoxious: And (you find)
My Son has brought the Duke into our Measures.

A Night's Confinement is of no Prejudice
To Him; — And, this arbitrary Proceeding
Will inflame the Commons.

York. May their Resentment
Burst, like avenging Thunder, on the Guilty;
And wake this bigotted, uxorious King,
Lull'd in a Dream of Love, and Superstition!

Salisb. Once more (before we see the Lord Protec-
tour)

Beware, how you inform him of the Dutcheſs:
For, should He know of my Request to *Stanley*;
It might divert his Thoughts, from —

York. I am caution'd.

The Publick, now, must have his whole Attention.

Salisb. If our Designs succeed; Her Banishment
May be repeal'd; and, her Accusers punish'd: —
If otherwise; a Day, or Two, is not

A mighty Trespas: And, the Blame shall rest
On Me, alone.

York. Most Generous, and Wise!

Salisb. But see; — the Council-Chamber opens: —

And,

Beaufort moves this Way. — Do you discourse him;

While I confer with *Gloucester*, 'till You come.

York. You know, I hate him.

Salisb. Treat him with Contempt:

And try, if, in his Rage, he can dissemble.

S C E N E. II.

York. *Beaufort.*

York. So! — Now, he aims a Smile of Treachery
at me.

Beauf. What? — My right-noble Friend; the Duke
of *York*! —

And (or my Eye-sight fails) the Earl of *Salisbury*
Parted from you. — Why were you not at Council?

York. Were we not, Both, shut out? —

Beauf. You surprise me!

York. Am I your Mirth? — I tell thee, Car-
dinal;

Had there been present, at the Board, One honest Man,
Gloucester had not been seized.

Beauf. Had I been present;

What could a single Voice? — And That, not much,
regarded?

York. Most profligate Dissembler! —

{ Half
Aside.

Beauf. Nay, my Lord;

Were I not sway'd, like You, by *Humfrey's* Vertues;

Yet, would the Ties of Blood, alone, engage me,

On all Occasions, to support my Nephew.

York. The Ties of Blood! — No, *Winchester*! —

The Priesthood,

To Celibacy vow'd, are dead to all Endearments. —

What

46 HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester.

What Ties have You? — Nor conjugal, nor filial
Love,

Nor Brotherhood, nor Parents Griefs, or Joys,
Nor Friendship's generous Flame, nor Sympathies
Of any Kind, affect Your Hearts! —

Beauf. Forbear: —

I must not hear you, thus inveigh against
Your Spiritual Guides.

York. Our merciless Oppressors! —

In all your Interests, sever'd from the People,
Of worldly Wealth, and Pomp, and Power, you would
Ingross the Whole; And leave, to Us, the Cares,
The Servitude, the Penury, of Life:

Giving us empty Benedictions, in Exchange,
For the substantial Blessings, You enjoy.

Beauf. Would you destroy the Authority of our
Church?

York. It's Tyranny. — A heavy Yoke, impos'd
Not upon Subjects only, but on Kings! —

Should One, of Your Distinction, be arrested;

Nay, an inferiour Priest; — And even by Law:

You, soon, would raise an Outcry, full of Tumult,

To shake, if not subvert, the establish'd Throne.

Beauf. I do intreat your Patience: — In this Affair,
I am most innocent. — The Lord Protector

And I, indeed, have had some Differences;

Occasion'd, rather by Mistakes, on both Sides,

Than Malice: — Broils, long ago, by Me

Forgotten; — And, Your unkind Suspicion

Of my Sincerity — recalls them, — to my Grief:

What Jealousy the King, now, entertains

Of Him, I cannot guess: But, will endeavour,

With all my best Perswasion, to remove it.

York. I know thee, for the mortal Foe of Glou-
cester! —

And, — but thou meditat'st some monstrous Mischief,
(What it may be, Time only can reveal!)

Thou would'st not, thus, smother thy Enmity,

To

HUMFREDY, Duke of Gloucester. 47

To Me; who have mark'd thee, for the Worst of Men!

Beauf. Opprobrious Rage! — What Hatred do I shew?

York. True Malice, rankling deep within the Heart, Holds not Communication with the Tongue.

Beauf. Let me refrain from Anger still: — Though,

York, In his uncharitable Thoughts persisting, Condemn my meek Forbearance. —

York. In Forbearance, Like the chill Snake, with inward Venom fraught; That, coil'd, within the flowery Herbage lurks: Sure Death to the unwary Tread. —

Beauf. Enough! — Nor think, the Dread of Thee, presuming *York,* Checks our Displeasure. — But, we disdain to wrangle With every peevish Duke. — I, here, renounce Thy Friendship! —

York. Thine, have I, long, renounced! —

Beauf. Thou hast disclos'd such Rancour, in thy Soul;

That, were I innocent, as dying Saints, And *Gloucester,* — not exempt from human Woes, Should prove Unfortunate, — (Which Heaven forbid!) Thy Malice would reflect the Blame, on Me.

York. *Beaufort*; — I never lov'd thee; But; — for thy calm,

Thy steady Dissimulation, — Thou art, now, My fix'd Abhorrence! — Happy, for *Gloucester*! It is not in Thy Power to harm the Man, Whose Vertues make him revered through the Land.

SCENE

48 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

SCENE III.

Beaufort.

'Tis Time his Vertues, then, were canoniz'd :
Those Vertues, ever dangerous to Me! —
It must be done. — The War is, now, declar'd : —
Warwick and *York* have given us ample Warning. —
The Duke of *Suffolk*. —

SCENE IV.

Beaufort. Suffolk.

Beauf. My Lord, it will be late,
Ere you can reach your House. — What, more have
You

To say ? — Or, know you not, You are expected
Early, to Morrow ; — that you waste those Hours,
Which Sleep demands ?

Suff. Why are the Friends of *Gloucester*
Admitted to him ? — I thought, you did propose,
By this Arrest, to disappoint their Meeting.

Beauf. His meeting Them, at *Warwick's*. —
There, indeed,
His Presence had prov'd fatal.

Suff. Yet, methinks,
This Liberty should not have been allow'd.

Beauf. I judg'd it otherwise : And, accordingly,
Instructed the Centinels ; lest, it might seem
Too rigorous a Proceeding, in the King.

Beside ; were his Confinement more severe,
It might create Suspicion —

Suff. Suspicion ? — Of What ?

Beauf. A Clamour, — I would say : — But,
this Day's Hurry
Disjoins my Words. —

Suff.

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester: 49

Saff. Here comes the Queen! — What can it mean? —

SCENE V.

Beaufort. Suffolk. Queen.

Queen. Oh, Suffolk! — Winchester! — I fear'd, you were

Retir'd to rest. —

Beauf. What is it, thus, alarms
Your Majesty?

Queen. 'Tis said, the Londoners

Are, All, in Uproar; — that, they now prepare
To move, this Way; vowing, they will not Sleep,
Till they have set their Idol-Duke at Liberty.

Beauf. Meer harmless Noise; an empty Crack of
Thunder!

Suff. My Lord, I fear, your Counsels are too rash.

Beauf. Rather accuse the Rashness of Your Fears.

Queen. Is this a Time, my Lords, to move Contention?

Suff. To Me; I do confess, there is, in Life no Dread
Like that of popular Fury! — From it's Rage,
In vain we fly to Courage, or to Conduct.

Queen. Let us, then weigh the Events, on either
Side. —

Suppose, — We should release the Duke? —

Beauf. And, let

Our Adversaries see, they can defeat
Your Resolutions, by the slightest Rumour.

Or, — grant it True: — What happier Incident

Could we expect, to assure us of Success

You, Madam, can improve it, to the King;

For, — Who, but Gloucester, causes this Sedition? —

Shall Gloucester be Protector, then?

Queen. I see,

His Popularity is dangerous to the State.

SCENE

E

Beauf.

50 H U M F R E Y, Duke of Gloucester.

Beauf. Most ruinous! — And will your Majesty
(Whose dauntless Spirit is your envied Glory)
Be over-awed, by a tumultuous Rout,
To save the Man, —

Queen. The Man, whom I detest! —
If, I but smile on *Suffolk*; He repines:
And thinks the whole Indulgence of the Court
Due to Himself, alone.

Suff. Madam, the Man,
Distinguish'd by Your Smiles, may boast an Honour,
The foremost Princes of the Earth would prize:
And, thus distinguish'd, I look down on *Gloucester*!

Beauf. I would intreat your Majesty to rest,
This Night, secure; and You, my good Lord *Suffolk*:
Remembring, still, if any Tumult should
Arise, to Morrow, that we all stand firm. —
The King, who yields to popular Commotions,
Is more the Slave, than Sovereign, of his People.

Queen. My Lord of *Winchester*; I know, Your
Thought
Must be fatigued. — Good Night. — The King
resolves,
Early, to meet the Parliament.

Beauf. By Noon,
If I compute aright, the Power of *Gloucester*
Ceases. —

— S C E N E VI. —

Beaufort.

Beauf. So far, we prosper, — unsuspected. —
Now, to my Two bold Hirelings; — Men, inur'd
To desperate Ills: Whose Livelyhood is Rapines,
And gainfull Murders; whom *Gloucester's* Power
Reduced to Want. — They wait for my Instructions;
And, may suspect me, wavering, in my Purpose.

S C E N E

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester. 51

SCENE VII.

The Lord Protector's Apartment.

Gloucester. York. Salisbury.

Gloucester. Not, that I should have given my Office
up,

Without consulting You. — I, rather, meant
To try the Queen, and fathom their Intentions.

York. Your Highness might, as well, give up your
Life:

And leave the King, and People to these Spoilers.

Salisbury. The Peers (of their high Privileges jealous)
Will, never, condescend to hear of Business,
'Till You have taken your Seat in Parliament:

Nor, will We, assembled, suffer your Confinement
To be prolong'd, an Hour; ere we demand

The Cause of your Arrest. — When you appear;
With all your wonted Energy of Speech,

Boldly, in Presence of his Majesty

And Both the Houses, set forth your Innocence;
Demanding Reparation, for this Outrage.

Then, — openly assert the Power, you hold by Law;
The Trust committed to you. — Take the King

To your Protection; — And, seclude that female
Politician: — And, let her Paramour,

And Beaufort, abide the Justice of their Peers.

Gloucester. What shall I say, my Lords? — By gentle
Methods,

I would secure the Welfare of the State! —

York. Must You forgive, and They offend, for ever?

Salisbury. The Nation Suffers, through your Moderation:

And Clemency, misplaced, emboldens Traitors!

The Wrongs, the Indignities, the bold Attempts,

52 HUMEFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

(Year after Year) level'd against your Person,
With the accumulated Insults of this Day,
I mention not; — since, You are pleas'd to o'erlook
All Injuries, but what regard your Countrey, —
But, — if the Weal of England does require,
Your Enemies should be severely punish'd;
Will Gloucester, still, be partial to their Crimes,
Only, because They have offended Him?

Gloucester. I think, my Breast did, never, nourish
Malice. —

And yet, — so apt is Power to warp with Passion;
And, so over-prone is Censure; that, I wish
(While I discharge my Duty to my Countrey)
Keen-searching Envy might discern no Glimpse
Of secret Vengeance, in my publick Actions.

Salish. Rather, my Lord, suspect your Lenity;
Your too-long Suffering: — Lest, it be said;
You court Applause, — at the Expence of Justice.

York. Beaufort's and Suffolk's Crimes, against the
State,

Are so enormous; that, all honest Men
Will blame your Highness, should They go unpunish'd.
Has not the One (to speak not half his Guilt)

By Frauds against the Crown, by Sale of Offices,
By Plunder from the People, and the Clergy,
Amass'd such vast Exuberance of Wealth;
That Millions, daily, curse him, by the Name
Of the Rich Cardinal? — Has not the Other

Gloucester. O, speak it not! — To what a Pitch
of Glory

Did our Late Leader, of immortal Memory,
Build up the Nation's Prowess? — That (like a Py-
ramid

Of Fire, high on a Mountain rais'd, to shine by
Night)

Our Blaze of Valour drew the Admiration
Of the wide Continent! —

York. Oub yearly Harvest, the Wrongs the Indignity

Con-

Conquest on Conquest! — And, the English Name
So much revered; that every private Subject,
Who travell'd far, — was an illustrious Stranger!

Gloucester. Bitter Remembrance! — O, lasting In-
famy! —

How have We squander'd our whole Treasure of Re-
nown! —

Spendthrifts in Fame! — The Scorn of Those We
conquer'd!

Salisbury. And, shall this *Suffolk* live; who gave up
France? —

The Purchase of our noblest Blood! — For Which,
Great *Henry* fought! — And, to maintain it Ours,

Bedford wore out his Life, in sore Fatigues! —

Gloucester. I have assur'd you, by the Earl of *War-*
wick,

Of my Compliance; since the usual Forms
Of Law are ineffectual. —

Salisbury. When Treasons, manifest,
Are so contriv'd (as Treasons, often, are)

That they defy the Force of Written Laws;

Or, when the Wealth, or Dignity, of Traitors,

Sets them above the Reach of Common Justice;

Attainders are the Refuge of the State. —

S C E N E VIII.

Gloucester. *York.* *Salisbury.* *Warwick.*

Salisbury. My Son, — what brings you hither, from
your Guests? —

Warwick. A sudden Insurrection, through the City.

Gloucester. What prompts them to Sedition, at this
late Hour? —

Warwick. Scarce was the Warrant order'd against You,
But it is known in the remotest Streets. —

Murmur is rise. — All Occupation ceases. —

The Shops are clos'd. — Masters and Prentices,

54 HUMEY, Duke of Gloucester.

Variouſly accouter'd, pour, from all Parts,
To ſwell the general Tumult! — And, now, the
Torrent
Roars, near at Hand; and bears upon the Palace.

York. Let it roar on! —

Glouceſt. Oh, no! my Friends. — Their Zeal
Is too intemperate! — Rather, let them ſhew
Their Love for Me, by Duty to their King. —
Why, this Impatience? — Does not the Parliament
Open, to Morrow? — Can they not, with Me,
Wait a few Hours! — When Kings are ill-advis'd,
Have we no Remedy, but lawleſs Force? —
Or, think they, *Glouceſter* will uphold Rebellion? —
Sooner, would I grow hoary, in a Priſon;
Much ſooner, die; — than purchaſe Liberty, or Life,
By Violation of the Publick Peace!

Lord Warwick, I beſeech you, tell them ſo. —
You can prevail. — Bid them, go Home in Peace.
Greet them, from Me: — Say I am not in Danger. —
The Laws are My Protection.

Salisb. Go, my Son: —
And, add from Me; that, if the Lord Protector
Be not diſcharg'd, ſoon as the Parliament
Aſſembles, —

Glouceſt. There is no Fear. —

Salisb. However;
Let us not over-damp their Spirits, till We
Have compaſs'd our Deſigns. — In a free Govern-
ment,

The juſt Reſentment of the Multitude,
Diſcreetly encouraged, is of mighty Force
To aid the Patriot, and to quell the Traitor.

Glouceſt. Haſte, *Warwick*; ere they reach the Palace-
Gates.

Warw. I go: — And will intreat their Patience,
till to Morrow.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Gloucester. York. Salisbury.

York. Pardon me, noble *Gloucester*; when I say,
Your Tenderness, for this weak Prince, prevails
Too far. —

Gloucester. Alas, my Lords, his weak, unactive Spirit
(Since you will search my Soul, to know the Cause)
Makes me more tender of a helpless King,
To Me bequeath'd. — How, are my Hopes de-
ceiv'd!

When this sole Orphan of my royal Brother
(Scarce, yet, from Infancy advanced to Childhood)
Smil'd at the Transports of the applauding Crow'd,
As on the trapped Steed, that wont to bear
His Father's Manhood, Cherub-like He rode
To meet his Parliament; — Oh, what Blessings
Did ever, Age, and Sex, and every Rank,
From Windows and high Battlements, shower down
On godlike *Henry's* Son! — How did My Joy
(Flooding my Eyes, and conspiring with the Peo-
ple)
Prognosticate, and promise to the Nation,
The Wisdom, Justice, Prowess, of my Brother,
Should spring afresh, and flourish, in his Heir!

York. While You survive, and will exert your just
Authority: The Nation bears the Disappointment.

Salisbury. Nor, will they endure it, long, on other
Terms.

Gloucester. To each of You, kind Heaven has granted
Sons,
Born to prolong your Vertues! — Wherefore, was
that

Felicity deny'd to *Henry's* Memory? —

Or, must One Generation pass; or, more;

56 **HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester:**

Ere Providence determines to renew
His Likeness; and distinguish, once again,
The Blood of Lancaster, and England's Glory!

Salisb. Why was the Education of our Prince in-
trusted

To *Beaufort*? With whom, the Metropolitan
Of *York* conspir'd, to enfeeble his tender Mind
With Legendary Tales, and false Devotion;
That They might rule him, in his riper Years.

York. When Superstition (Bane of manly Vertues!)
Strikes Root within the Soul; it over-runs,
And kills, the Power of Reason.

SCENE X.

Gloucester. York. Salisbury. Warwick.

Gloucest. What Tidings, now? —

Warw. The Tumult is appeas'd.

Gloucest. Warwick, — thy free-giving Hand; thy
Table,

Open to All; thy affable Deportment;

Thy pleasing Wit; — (Endearing Qualities!)

Conciliate to Thee, daily, such Good Will,

From all Degrees of Men: That, I foresee,

Thy Influence will prevail, throughout the Realm.

York. Lest we intrude too far upon the Night;

Your Highness will appoint our Shares of Business:

That there be no Confusion, in our Measures.

Gloucest. My Lords, — when I am justified; Let

Salisbury

(Whose Gravity bespeaks Attention) open,

In general Terms, the heinous Crimes, long practiced

Against the King, and State: And dwell upon

The melancholy Prospect, now, before us,

Salisb. I take My Part.

Gloucest. Then; let the Duke of *York*

Unfold each Circumstance of *Suffolk's* Treason.

York.

York. Agreed.

Warw. And, leave the Cardinal to Me. —

Methinks, I see vain Suffolk lower his Crest: —

York. And Winchester's red, fiery Eyes betray
The Virulency of his festering Soul.

Salisb. But, We forget your Highness; whose Elo-
quence, —
Strengthen'd with Probity, —

Gloucester. In the Debate,
Oft' as the Nation's Danger, and the King's,
Shall come in View, will I rise up to speak;
And shew my forward Zeal, at least, to rescue
The King, and Nation, trusted to my Care.

Salisb. Thus, then, will We instruct our Friends;
who wait,
Impatient, for Our final Resolutions.

Gloucester. Yet, ere we part; grant One Request.

Warw. You may
Command your Friends.

Gloucester. My Lords, I offer not
To extenuate the Guilt of Beaufort; nor, am I
Ignorant of his up-lifted Pride,
Which renders him most hatefull to the Nobles;
But still, this hated, this obnoxious Prelate, —
Is he not my Uncle? — Then for My Sake,
Spare the Remainder of his Life. — His Father
Was a most worthy Prince; and his late Brother,
The Duke of Excester, a wise, a learned,
And an upright Counsellour.

York. If he must live;
Let him have no Abode within the Palace.

Warw. Confine him to his Diocess, for Life;
That he may not infest the Court: Nor, hencefor-
ward,
Embroid the State.

Salisb. Nor, must he hold
A Seat, in Parliament: — For, what have We
To do with Cardinals? Whose whole Allegiance

The

58 **HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.**

The See of Rome usurps.

Gloucester. Nay, more; my Lords!

Let his ill-gotten Wealth (Wherewith, he hopes
To buy the Papal Crown) be forfeited.

On these Conditions, let my Uncle live; —
And die, in Peace,

Salisbury. At Your Desire, then, let him
Find that Mercy, he merits not.

York. A Mercy,
Were You in need of it, He ne'er would grant.

Gloucester. Though old in Vice; Retirement and
Reflection

May, by Degrees, subdue his Heart to Vertue.

Warwick. Is there Aught, more; before we leave your
Highness?

Gloucester. My Lords; — Commend me to our As-
sembled Friends;

And give them full Assurance, in My Name;

That, as in War, the Fear of Death ne'er drove me

From Perils of the Field: I will, to Morrow,

Shew equal Resolution, in the Senate.

Nor, shall the Dread of Envy, or Detraction,

Nor, yet, the Frowns, nor the Conspiracies,

Of desperate Wicked Men, abate that Ardour,

With which Your friendly Counsels make me glow

To serve, at once, our Country, and our King!

SCENE XI.

Gloucester.

With Mildness, have I exorcis'd my Power: —

But, — when the Times require Severity;

Forbearance is Injustice. — *Beaufort's Life,* —

If he employs it well, is well preserv'd.

Sore with the Provocations of the Day,

I have (I fear) with too great Bitterness

Reproach'd his Age: — But, let me not lie down,

In

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester. 39

In Wrath; — Nor rise, in Enmity: — Though,
 Malice May keep Him waking, on his Pillow. — Oh,
 Eleanor; — My Bed, alas, without Thee, is solitary, —
 As is the Grave! — But, Sleep weighs down my
 Eye-lids; — And Nature, wearied, summons me to Rest. — } *Going*
 Angels, defend me! — What do I see? — My Un- } *in.*
 cle? — And, in his Hand, a Dagger; — a bloody Dag-
 ger! — Away, Illusion! — Phantom of the Brain! —
 My Senses drouze; — and, Fancy mocks my Rea-
 son! — It is beyond my wonted Hour. — Then, — wel-
 come
 Kind Sleep; Renewer of our daily Life: —
 Till, Death closing our Eyes for ever from the World,
 We wake to One, Eternal, Day of Bliss!

S C E N E XII.

Beaufort.

At length, I find the Stilness, I have wish'd. —
 The Mutineers are pacified: The Friends
 Of Gloucester are retir'd: The Centinels,
 O'erpower'd with Wine, Sleep a dead Sleep. — The
 Hour, — Past Midnight, wastes in the Glass. — Soon the
 Bell,
 That parcels Time, will give the appointed Signal:
 The Minute for the Deed. — Hark! — Was That,
 a Groan? — Again? — The hollow-whirling Wind. — O, lull
 the Duke

To

60 **HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.**

To his eternal Rest! — Yet, — I feel Somewhat,
 Bids me forbear; — and pleads, within, for Mer-
 cy. — Idle Remorse! — What though He be my Ne-
 phew? — Were he my Father: — Must I imbirter Life;
 Quit all my Hopes; — and forfeit my Ambiti-
 on? — Did he not, Twice, attempt my Overthrow? —
 And, will he, exasperated as he is,
 Spare me, to Morrow? — Then, — Self-Defence,
 Nature's first Law, acquits me, to my Self. —
 He makes Me wretched: — I set Him at Ease. —
 What Injury? — He leaves no helpless Orphan: —
 And, to his Wife he is, already, dead. —
 And; What is Loss of Life? — A Loss, we never
 Regret. — Would it were done! — And, I
 a sleep! — It strikes! — The Stroke of unrelenting Fate! —
 Sleep, *Humfrey*; sleep! — The Period of Thy Cares,
 And Mine, is come. — Ha! — What warning
 Voice? Whence? — Methinks, I hear a Voice cry; *Gloucester*, awake! —
 Who comes? —

SCENE XIII.

Beaufort. Two Russians.

1. Russian. Lord Cardinal. —
Beauf. Ay. — Tread soft. — Heard you no
 Noise? —
2. Russian. The Bell.
Beauf. No other Sound? —
1. Russian. Not any; my good Lord.
Beauf. No Noise, before you enter'd? —
1. Russian. None at all.

Beauf.

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester. 68

Beauf. It may be so. — And yet, it hollow'd loud! —

Imaginary Terrours! — Hence! — Is Age So quick of Hearing? — Come, my Friends: Are you prepared?

2. *Ruffian.* So bent on Vengeance; — That We think, Stifling is too mild a Death.

Beauf. No: — No Bloodshed! —

1. *Ruffian.* Does he sleep sound?

Beauf. No labouring Man more sound. — But, — you must use main Force.

1. *Ruffian.* We know his Strength.

Beauf. There lies the Door.

2. *Ruffian.* Come: — Set the Lanthorn.

Beauf. But;

Be sure, you leave no Signs of Violence: —

2. *Ruffian.* None.

Beauf. And, lay the Bed; — and place the Pillows, after. —

Turn the Lock gently; — very gently! — So. —

Can Murder be a crying Offence; and Heaven

Permit such Fellows, daily, to traffick in it? —

Or, is it human Laws, alone, conspire —

To make it Criminal? — But, hold! — 'Tis doing. —

He struggles! — Now; — all your Might: — Dispatch! — No Respite! —

Force: — Wretches; more Force! — Weigh on his Breast. —

Smother that Groan! — His Mouth; — his Nostrils: Quick! —

Dastardly Miscreants! — Still I hear him breathe. —

Finish, at once! — Oh, 'tis a tedious While! —

So. — Now, he lies quiet. — Yes. — At last, 'tis over! —

Examine; — carefully: — Feel every Pulse. —

Leave

62 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

Leave not One doubtfull Token. — Quire extinguish
Life! — — — Is it done?

1. *Ruffian.* To all Intents.

Beauf. Quire dead?

2. *Ruffian.* We answer for it.

Beauf. Yet; — I see no Blood
Upon your Hands! —

2. *Ruffian.* You did injoin us. —

Beauf. True! —
I had forgot. — And, have you smooth'd the Bed?

1. *Ruffian.* We have: — And, drawn the Curtains,
round: —

2. *Ruffian.* And, laid him,
With his Face upward.

Beauf. Right! — — — Away! — The private
Door is open. —

S C E N E. XIV.

Beaufort.

How soon — Lift! — Does he not stir?

No. —

The Breath of Life is mixt with common Air! —
While Gloucester liv'd, nor Henry's Death, nor Bedford's,
Did avail; — Three Nephews, born to thwart
me! —

Henceforth; — Anxiety, adieu! — Look forward,
Beaufort!

Nor, waste One Thought, idly, to recollect
What cannot be recall'd. — And yet; — Who
knows? —

Hence, childish Fears! —
The Queen and Suffolk with him dead. — No Blood
Is spilt: — Nor, livid Stains of Poison taint his
Bowels. —

What

HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloucester!

63

What Proof of Murder, then? — It will be said,
He, sleeping, died (as Many Men have died)
And, deem'd a Mercy; or, perhaps, a Judgment;
As Prejudice inclines. — And, Who shall dare
To cast, on Us, a Blemish of Suspicion? —
Then, *Beaufort*; — rest, secure? — Repute thy Self,
Free from all Guilt; since Thou hast prov'd Successful:
Nor, vainly think, there can be Reason to repent. —
The String of Guilt is — but the Fear of Punishment!

End of the Fourth ACT.



64 HUMBERT, Duke of Gloucester.



ACT V. SCENE I.

Queen. Suffolk.

Queen.

O H, *Suffolk*; may this Morning prove auspicious!
That my fond Wishes, seconded by Power,
May lavish Honours on the Man, who merits
Higher Distinction, than *England's* Crown can give.

Suff. And, may your *Suffolk* live to serve, to admire,
To adore, the Queen; whose Favour is my whole Ambition!

Queen. This flattering Hope, alone, emboldens me
In all my Attempts (successfull, hitherto)
To break the Authority of this Protector.

Suff. Madam, ere Noon, your Wishes are accomplish'd.

Queen. And yet, — there hangs a Cloud upon my
Hopes! —
And my Heart bodes —

Suff. Let Me partake your Fears.

Queen. But; — wherefore should a Dream disquiet
me?

Suff. Wherefore, indeed! — Dreams, pleasing or
displeasing,
Are, only, Shadows of our waking Thoughts. —
But, here comes *Beaufort*.

SCENE

HUMFRY, Duke of Gloucester.

SCENE II.

Queen. Suffolk. Beaufort.

Queen. Lord Cardinal, Good Morrow.

Beauf. Your Majesty wears not the Smiles, this Day
Requires: — This long-expected Day.

Suff. A Dream
Has overcast her wonted Chearfulness.

Queen. A Dream,
So very wild! — And yet, so powerfull, it wrought;
That, from my Slumbers, I awoke disorder'd.

Methought I saw a hunted Stag take Refuge
In a wide Stream; — not unlike the Thames: —
And, when I look'd again; That Stag — was Suffolk!

Again, I slumber'd: — When another Dream
Sets Beaufort in my View; — besmear'd with Blood! —
And Warwick, — crying Murder, through the Palace!

What I saw, after, was — embattled Armies! —
The King, dethroned! — My Self, a Wanderer! —
And York; — Yet soon, it was not York;
But, a fresh-blooming Youth, who wore the Crown!

Beauf. This, only, shews; your Majesty is anxious
For the King's Honour, and Safety of your Friends.

I, my self, did dream, Gloucester was taken Speechless! —

Must it, therefore, be so? — Or, does it not
Proceed from the Concern of Yesterday?

When, there was Cause to dread his Power of Speech!

Queen. Then, — let these Visions pass. — But,
have you heard
Of last Night's Tumult?

Beauf. Nothing. — I went to Rest.

Queen. The Duke of Suffolk brought the Account,
this Morning.

E

Suff.

Suff. Midnight Sedition! — Of which I mean
to speak
In Parliament.

Beauf. Most fortunate Event! —

Queen. As it has prov'd. —

Beauf. Does the King know it? —

Queen. He does: And, is determin'd.

Beauf. But, is he ready? —

Queen. By this Time, his Robes are on. —

Beauf. For, — if the Duke's Confinement be pro-
long'd,

Till the Day wears; the Commoners and Peers
Will clamour to release him, ere we can pass
A Vote to make his Office void.

Suff. Madam,
That Vote secur'd; We have reduced your Ee.

Queen. I ask no more. — Kind Fortune, aid us,
now! —

And, think not, Gloucester, We (how'er incens'd)
Would let Resentment loose, against thy Life.
Be Duke of Gloucester, still! — But not Protector!

SCENE III.

The Lord Protector's Apartment.

Warwick. Eleanor.

Elean. All-gracious Heaven be prais'd, that I once
more,
Shall see my Lord! —

Warw. Before the Day shall close,
You, Both, shall see your Enemies, cover'd
With Confusion! — But, Madam, you have promis'd,
Not to detain him, on this important Morning.

Elean. Mistrust me not. — My Reason shall o'er-rule
My fond Affection!

Warw.

Warw. We kept him; late, from Rest.

Elean. Perhaps, my Lord, He is not, yet, awake: —
And, it might be too suddain a Surprise;
Were I to draw his Curtain.

Warw. Then, let Me
Prepare him.

Elean. Gently, *Warwick*, wake my Love:
And let the Musick of His Voice invite me to him.

O, from thy lonely Bed, my *Gloucester*, rise:
And, may We, never more, lie down, asunder! —
How have I watch'd, the live-long Night! — How;
chid

The tardy Morning! — — — Oh, my Heart
listens! — — —

Not, yet? — — —

Warw. Distraction! Horror! Ruin! — Murder!

Elean. Oh, my Terror! — What Murder; *War-*
wick? — Where?

Warw. There; Madam! — Horrid Murder! —

Elean. Kill me not! —
Say! — — —

Warw. Never more, shall you behold Him, living!

Elean. Whom? —

Warw. *Gloucester*; your Husband! — The Protec-
tour!

Elean. Say it not! — 'Tis the Power of
Sleep! — Let Me — — —

Warw. Madam, forbear! — You must not see —

Elean. I must! —

I will! —

Warw. It is a Sight, will blast — — —

Elean. Let go! —

He shall awake! — — —

[Goes in.]

Warw. Oh, for the Voice of Thunder!

To shake this guilty Palace! — To destroy

The Murderers! — To strike the Terror, wide!

But, see the widow'd Dutchess! — The Picture of
Heart-wringing Anguish! — O, powerfull Affliction!

68 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

That neither Tears, nor Language, give it Utterance! —

Elean. Cold! — Quite cold! — And ghastly! —

O, welcome, Death! — — —

Warw. She faints! — She dies! — What Succour? —

Afflicted *Eleanor*! — Live! — Live, to see The speedy Vengeance, We exact for Gloucester!

The Woe, in Store for *Margaret, Beaufort, Suffolk*!

Elean. Oh — — —

Warw. Deep-sinking Sorrow! —

Elean. Where is my Gloucester? —

O, lay me by him! —

Warw. No: — I cannot let you —

Elean. Must I not be allow'd to live, nor die, with him? —

Malice shall not divorce me from his Grave!

Warw. I do beseech you, Madam, to consider —

Elean. I do: — I know my Loss: — I feel my Affliction! —

Warw. I feel it, too! — for You; my self; the Nation!

Elean. Why? — Why, are there Calamities, in Life, We cannot bear? — That tempts us — to arraign — Yet, — will I not. — Thou righteous Power, compassionate

My Weakness! — Authour of all Being; — if Thou Hast call'd Him, hence; — O, reach me Resignation! —

But, — if my Gloucester is bereft of Life, Through black Conspiracy; — reveal the Murder!

Warw. Madam, You must not, yet, be seen, — My House

Is near. — My Wife will share in your Affliction:

While I inform the King and Parliament

Of Gloucester's Fate; and, edge the Sword of Justice!

SCENE

SCENE IV.

The Scene shifts back again.

Queen.

'Tis a full Parliament! — And, big with Expectation! —

And, already, do the inquisitive Multitude
Begin to gather! — Should the Protector's Followers
Out-number us; — Or, should they know the Summs,
We have distributed: — The King may be
Prevail'd on, to retract his Speech. — O, Henry;
That I could give thee a Portion of My Spirit! —

SCENE V.

Queen. Beaufort.

Queen. O, Winchester! — I am perplex'd; — I
fear! —

Beauf. Madam, I hasten'd to prevent your Fears. —

Queen. Why do you quit your Seat? — Say! —
What Occasion?

Has the King spoke? —

Beauf. Be more compos'd.

Queen. Resolve me! —

Beauf. He would have spoke; — when, a suprizing
Rumour

Was circled round, — of the Protector's Death! —

Queen. Of Gloucester's Death? — It cannot be! —

And yet,

I, almost wish it may! —

Beauf. A frequent Murmur

(As of Bees disturb'd within their Hives) rose

On a suddain! — And the deep Concern,

In all his Friends, gives seeming Credit to it.

70 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.

Queen. Some Stratagem! — But, were it true;
I dread
This hasty Death! — Who knows what may be
said? —

Beauf. We may expect, our Enemies will cast out
Malicious Whispers.

Queen. Ay, *Beaufort*! — And, I wish,
He had not been confin'd.

Beauf. Thus, human Foresight
Is, ever, blind to the Decrees of Heaven!

Queen. He is so lov'd! — so much the Worship
of the People;

I apprehend a thousand Mischiefs! —

Beauf. Faction
May rage, a While. — Let Us betray no Fear:
But, bold in Innocence, confront Detraction!

Queen. Back; to your Seat, my Lord; and watch
the Motions —

Yet, stay! — Here, comes the Duke of York.

S C E N E VI.

Queen. *Beaufort.* *York.*

Queen. O, tell me! —
Say, noble *York*, —

Beauf. Alas, my Nephew! — Is he
Departed? —

York. Murder'd! —

Beauf. Murder'd? —

Queen. Heaven forbid! —

Murder'd? — By Whom? — And, in the Palace!

York. Yes: —

Barbarously, murder'd! — Basely, in his Bed!

Beauf. How? — By Whom? — What Assurance
of the Fact?

York. Concurring Circumstances! —

Queen.

Queen. Speak them, then!

York. The hasty Summons of this Parliament:

The Banishment of *Eleanor*: His Confinement:

The Imprisoning his Servants: —

Queen. Pardon me,
My Lord; if, in all, you urge so vehemently,
I can discern no Circumstance of Murder.

Beauf. This is a Tale! — A Plot, to raise Rebel-
lion! —

Queen. Give plainer Tokens, *York*! — Have you
examin'd
The Body?

Beauf. Is there any Blood upon the Sheets?

Queen. Make Proof! — What Marks of Violence
appear?

York. O, Madam; many Witnesſes, with Me,
Have ſeen, have read, the Characters of Murder!
Where Sickneſs kills, oft have I ſeen the Corſe
Of aſhy Semblance; meagre; pale; and bloodleſs:
The darken'd Eyes, in-funk; the Noſe, compreſs'd.
But, the Duke's Face is black; and full of Blood!
His Eye-Balls, farther out, than when he liv'd;
Staring, full-ghaſtly; like a ſtrangled Man!
His Noſtrils, ſtretch'd with ſtrugling! His Mouth,
a-gaſp

For vital Breath! His ruffled Hair, up-rear'd!
His Hands, a-broad diſplay'd; as One, that graſp'd,
And tugg'd for Life; and was ſubdued by Force!

Beauf. Your Maſteſty ſees, This is concerted Ma-
lice! —

Queen. Treason, againſt the King! — As, who
ſhould ſay,
He ſign'd a Warrant for his Uncle's Murder.

Beauf. *York* is not ignorant, that Many die,
Without the Mercy of a timely Warning! —

Do we not, daily, petition againſt ſudden Death? —

Or, — may not *Glouceſter*, conſcious of ſome Guilt,
Have taken Poiſon? — But; produce the Murderer!

72 *HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.*

York. Thou may'st remember ; there is a Prelate,
living,

Once, placed an Ambush for his Life. —

Beauf. 'Tis false ! —

I clear'd my self of that unworthy Charge ;

Long ago : — When our most gracious Sovereign

(May he not rue the Day !) made Thee a Duke ;

In Token of his Joy, that *Beaufort* did forgive.

This dear, departed, Man ; then, my Accuser.

S C E N E VII.

Queen. Beaufort. York. Warwick.

Warw. Why do I find you here, my Lord ? —

Know you not

The Protectour's Enemies ? —

Queen. But, not his Murderers !

Warw. One, I answer for !

Queen. Presumptuous *Warwick* !

More insolent, than *York* !

Beauf. His Sycophant !

The Creature of his Smiles ! — Now, to be tame,

Would argue Guilt. — Madam, I do pronounce

The Duke of *York*, a Traitor, by Descent ! —

York. There spoke the Fiend ! The Father of De-

traction ! —

Warw. The Murderer of *Gloucester* ! —

Queen. Malicious Outrage ! —

Beauf. Slight Boy ! — We set, at Nought, what

Thou can'st say.

But, that aspiring Duke (whom thou dost echo)

Thinks, this a Time, to manifest his Treason.

York. Thou common Spoiler ! — Dost Thou talk

of Treason ?

Beauf. The Lord Protectour, dead ; My Life is

sought :

That *Henry* (sole-surviving *Lancaster*)

Left

Left destitute; the hated Name of York
May thrive, — may tyrannize, in Usurpation!

Queen. 'Tis manifest!

Warw. How Guilt would fain evade —

Beauf. With him do both the Nevils (profuse Warwick,
And subtle Salisbury) joyn, —

Warw. Blood-thirsty Man! —

Queen. Yes! — It is evident, you all conspire! —
What, else, should prompt you to be, thus, audacious?
Thus, to arraign his venerable Age?

A Bishop! — Cardinal! — Uncle to your King!

Beauf. And, shall the Church, you wound through
Me, not censure! —

O, Religion! —

Queen. Beaufort, with Me! —

But; — see, you prove your Scandal: — Or, your
Heads

Shall pay the Forfeit!

Warw. I expect no Favour. —

S C E N E VII.

York. Warwick.

York. Your Grief, for this ill-fated Duke, transports you
Beyond the Bounds of Prudence.

Warw. Fear it not. —

Though, for a Vengeance, horrid as the Deed,
I could grow desperate! — Could delight to torture —

York. What Evidence? — That You, so boldly
venture

To charge the Cardinal!

Warw. My Father bade me do it.

'Tis Beaufort's Guilt, he said: — Make haste, my Son!
Divulge it to the People! — Cry, Bloody Beaufort! —
And leave the Proof, in Parliament, to Me.

York. Inhuman Cardinal! —

Warw. But, see; — my Father.

S C E N E

S C E N E IX.

*Tork. Warwick. Salisbury.**Tork.* Say, *Salisbury*; — is it *Beaufort*?*Salisb.* Yes! — I shall

Produce the Two Assassins, he employ'd.

Tork. Can such Impiety dwell so near the Altar?But, *Salisbury*; How —*Salisb.* Deep-wounded with Remorse;
Dreading a Discovery; and, hoping Pardon;
One has, to Me, confess'd: — But, more, at better
Leisure.I must inform you, now; The King's Affliction;
Who weeps, who droops, who sickens, on his Throne;
The Indignation (mixt with general Mourning)
In all the Peers, and Commoners, of Note;
The Fury of the People, rending the Air for Ven-
geance;
Have strook such Terroure through the Foes of *Glou-*
cester,That, daring not to oppose our warm Resentments,
We have, already, speeded far in Justice.*Warw.* We must have Rigour, Sir! —*Salisb.* And shall! — But, hear me.*Suffolk* is sentenced into Banishment:The Queen, to be remov'd, far distant, from the Pa-
lace: —*Tork.* But; that vile *Winchester*! —*Warw.* Mark, where he comes.

S C E N E

SCENE X.

York. Warwick. Salisbury. Beaufort.

Beauf. Alas, my Lords! — Why am I, thus defamed? —

Is not my Nephew's unexpected Death
Sufficient Weight of Grief, to bow me down?
An ample Suffering, to appease all Enmity?
But you must load, — but you must persecute,
My Age, my Dignity, my sacred Office,
With Infamy so black, — Suspicion of such Guilt,
As, Heaven can testify, my Soul abhors!

Warw. Nothing, thy Soul abhors; but Truth and
Vertue!

York. Last Night, remember, Beaufort, I foretold
Some monstrous Mischief, brooding in thy Breast!

Warw. Did'st thou imagine, the Eye of Heaven
would wink

At such a Deed! —

York. A Crime, unparall'd!
A Murder, that sets Nature at Defiance!

Beauf. You are young Men; yet, Strangers to
Compassion:

But, Salisbury is more weigh'd; more slow to Censure.
With Him, I may expostulate; to Him reveal
My penitent Sorrow; though late, not less sincere.

Why did I listen to the Queen and Suffolk?

Why did their specious Arguments seduce me?

Oh, that They never had confin'd my Nephew! —

Unthinking, that I was! — Not to foresee,

The Violence of their unlawfull Love

Might tempt them to conspire —

Salish. Go, Beaufort; go! —

Thou dost not lessen, but enhance, thy Guilt!

They

36 HUMBREY, Duke of Gloucester.

They were seduced by Thee: Thine is the Murder! —

And (if Thy flinty Heart can feel Compunction)
Know, Gloucester interceded for Thy Life!
Made it his last Request, to spare his Uncle;
Enforced it with such Tenderness, that We
Consented.

Beauf. Do I not know, He was all Goodness! —
How shall I bear the Loss! — Oh, how lament
His hard, untimely, Fate!

Salisb. Thy black Contrivance! —

Beauf. Then, I perceive, Salisbury is bent on Mis-
chief!

Salisb. On Justice! —

Beauf. I appeal thee, then! —

Salisb. To Morrow! —

Beauf. This very Day! —

Salisb. The Lords have other Business, —

Beauf. To Morrow, then! —

Salisb. When, in the Presence of the Peers,
Thou shalt turn pale, and tremble, at the Sight —

Beauf. Of Gloucester! — say'st Thou?

Salisb. Of the Two bold Ruffians, —

Beauf. Curse on thy Tongue! — Thy penetrating
Thought! —

Warw. His Guilt begins to work. —

York. It shakes his Soul! —

Beauf. What Ruffians; Nevil! — Who? — I am
ensnar'd! —

Have you procur'd false Witnesses? — Or, must you

Be allow'd a Day, to seek out Perjury? —

Daring Impiety! — Where will it end?

When holy Dignities are vilified!

Salisb. Presuming Insolence of Rome's Authority! —
You think, that, with Impunity, You may
Offend against the Civil Power.

Beauf. I did it not.

Salisb. Deliberate Cruelty —

Beauf.

HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester,

77

Beauf. They disobey'd me, then. —
I said, No Violence; No Bloodshed?

Salib. I know it.

Beauf. I said it not. — Thou could'st not hear
me. —

But, I perceive your deep-concerted Malice: —

And, if I stir not Vengeance up; — may Heaven
Deny me Mercy, when I need it most!

SCENE XI.

York. Warwick. Salisbury.

Salib. A direfull Imprecation!

Warw. Did you observe
His Reason stagger?

Salib. I did.

York. That Men should dare

To do, what done, must make the Doer wretched!

Salib. We, yet, shall wring his Conscience; till he
prays

For that sweet Mercy, he has, now, renounced!

But; — I inform'd you of the Queen, and *Suf-*
folk. —

To *Eleanor*, the King has sent his kind Condolence:

Her Sentence is revok'd; and immediate Prosecution

Order'd, against her infamous Accusers.

Warw. But, — what Redress, for suffering *England*?

Salib. *Tork* is design'd to be, what *Gloucester* was.

But; We must to our Seats, before They adjourn;
And move, that *Beaufort's* Crime may be adjudg'd, to
Morrow.

SCENE

S C E N E XII.

Queen.

I know not what to think! — All is Confusion! —
 The King detain'd; and *Suffolk*, so long, absent;
 Duke *Humfrey's* suddain Death; the Confidence
 Of *York*, and *Warwick*; the madding Populace;
 My evil-boding Dream: — Each Circumstance
 Grows black, within my Thought; and turns to
 Horrour!

Some One dispell my Fears! —

S C E N E XIII.

*Queen. Buckingham.**Queen.* O, *Buckingham*,

Thou comest, in Time, to save me from Distraction!

Buckin. I come, the Witness of a Parliament,
 Enrag'd! —

Queen. Have they attainted him? — Is he, then,
 Gone to Confinement? — That I see him not! —
 Resolve me, as to *Suffolk*! — Oh, I know it! —
 But, — if I live, They shall not have their Will! —
 The King shall not be aw'd! — He shall release
 him. —

Fly. Buckingham: — Tell him, the Queen determines
 To set him free!

Buckin. How, alas! shall I inform you,
 That on the first Alarm (ere, yet, his Exile
 Was decreed) —

Queen. His Exile? — But, he shall not go! —
 Though, Twenty Times, they voted him, to Exile;
 As often would I frustrate their Resolves! —

Buckin. Madam; — dismay'd, He fled!

Queen. How! — Fled? — Is he, then, gone? —

Perfi-

Perfidious Man! — Have I confided in him;
 Heap'd Honours on him; studied his Promotion:—
 And, would he not, a Moment, stay his Flight,
 To bid Adieu! —

Buckin. Did you but know the Whole; —
 You would compassionate, not blame, the Duke! —

Queen. I should detest him, more! — There is
 no Faith
 In Man! — Excuse him not. — Not stay, to
 thank me? —

Not, once, advise with me? — Did the Wretch fear,
 I would betray him? — Or, does he imagine,
 I have no Power? — No Sense of Gratitude? —
 No Resentment? — — But; I will bring him
 back! —

Yes! — I will call the Traitour, home! — Re-
 proach him,
 To his Face! — Disgrace him! — Meditate his
 Ruin! —

Joyn with his Foes! — And, give him up, to
 Death! —

Of This, — assure him, when you write.

And now, my Lord, return, to assist our Friends:
 And, by your firm Adherence to our Interests,
 Merit the Favour, forfeited by *Suffolk*.

Buckin. I could acquit him, to your Majesty; —
 But that, I fear, Alas —

Queen. Acquit him, then!

Buckin. O, hear with Patience, what you, soon,
 must hear!

Dreading, the People's Rage; he strove to es-
 cape: —

But, — far, he row'd not, down the *Thames*; when,
 some

Of the distracted Multitude (vowing Revenge,
 On Gloucester's Murderers) attack'd his Barge! —

Queen. And, how has he escap'd?

Buckin. And murder'd him! —

Queen.

So HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester!

Queen. Support me! —

Buckin. Oh, call up all your Resolution! — shew
Your Fortitude! — And be not overcome! —
Or, We are lost; — Your Self is lost! — Quite
ruin'd! —

Your Enemies will catch at this Advantage,
To estrange you from the King; — to take your Life!

Queen. My Life! — It is imbitter'd! — Let
them take it! —

I am, allready, lost! — Estranged from Happi-
ness! —

Regardless of my Self; what Concern have I
For others? — Perish, who will! — Alas,

I rave! — The Sport offranticke Passion! —

Yet, — Buckingham; misconstrue not my Weakness:

It is, all Gratitude! —

To Suffolk, do I owe my Greatness! —

To Suffolk, I unbosom'd every Care! —

My Crown, without him, is a glittering Burden!

O, Dear-bought, late, Experience! — Gloucester,
dead,

Is more my Foe, more powerfull, than living!

Buckin. Suppress your Grief: — See, York and

Salisbury. — Try

If, on Them you can prevail: While I

Dispose the King —

S C E N E XIV.

Queen. York. Salisbury.

York. Where is the hatefull Criminal? —

Salish. In his Apartment;

Seiz'd with a violent, delirious, Fever.

York. Observe the Queen.

Queen. My Lords, I fear, I am to blame.

Beaufort's Counsels

Have prov'd pernicious to the King.

Salish.

Salisb. And, Madam, Yours
Have done no less Disservice: —

Queen. Through his Perswasion. —
But, I repent, that e'er I listen'd to him! —
And, if he be the guilty Man, you say, —

York. Your Power shall not protect him.

Queen. I protect him! —
My Power! my Lords: — If I have any Power;
I will exert it all; to make him wretched! —
Deliver him, to Infamy, — to Torture! — —
May the innocent Blood of *Suffolk*, and of *Gloucester*;
Crying aloud to Heaven, afflict his Soul!
And, everlasting Misery be his Portion!

And now, my Lords; — Henceforward, shall your
Counsels

Direct My Conduct, and assist the King.
York. Our Counsels, Madam, if they may prevail,
Shall influence the King to rule, without You.

Salisb. You meddle, over-much, in his Affairs;
And, it were happier for the King, and Nation,
Much happier for your self; would you, hereafter,
Frequent your Closet, more; the Council, — never.

Queen. Disdainfull Men! — You slight a Friend-
ship;
You tempt an Enmity; — discerning Neither. —
You know not *Margaret*! —

Salisb. That *England*, ne'er, had known her!

Queen. I will be known! — — — Is Fortitude;
and Wisdom,
Given to Man, alone? — Prove me, in Council;
Prove me, in the Field! — In Policy, let *Salisbury*,
In War, let *York*, oppose me. — But, my Lords;
Be sure, you over-match this slighted Woman! —
Urge me to all Extremes! — Friendship and Fa-
vour,

— — — O — — —

82 **HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester.**

I neither ask, nor grant. — Success is Mine;
If Courage claims Success! — Yet, if We fail;
Your Chronicles shall witness to my Fame;
Your Daughters boast, your Sons all emulate,
A Woman's Glory; and the World ayow,
England, once, had a Queen, deserv'd to Reign!

SCENE XV.

Salisbury. York.

Salisb. The daring Spirit of this Queen portends
Much Trouble to the King; and much Disquiet,
Throughout the Land! —

But; let us to the King. — By His Command,
My Son is gone, to pacify the People.

SCENE XVI.

The Lord Cardinal's Apartment.

Beaufort; Lying on a Couch.

Why, do they lay me on a Couch of Thorns?
How should I rest! — They bid me close my Eyes:
But, through the Lids, I see a Thousand Forms;
Numberless Terrors! — I shut Both Ears: And
yet,
I hear infernal Howlings! — Death, and Despair,
Have laid hold upon me. — O, miserable, that I
am! —

Would

Would I had died, as innocent, as *Gloucester*! ———

Let me think no more. ——— Is there no Physician

Can cure the Mind? ——— Nothing, to kill Reflection? ———

That I could drink Oblivion down! ——— O, when
Shall I have Rest! ———

SCENE XVII.

Beaufort. Warwick. Eleanor.

Elean. Why, must I see the Authour of my Woes?

Warw. He cannot last, an Hour, ——— He raves
on *Gloucester*;

And calls on You; imploring Your Forgiveness,

Elean. O, hard Injunction! ——— That we must forgive
Such Injuries! ——— But, — How can I forgive?

Warw. Madam, Consider his Despair! ———

Elean. My Misery, my Lord! ———

Consider That! ——— I know, it is commanded: —

It is a Duty: ——— But, — it is severe! ———

Warw. See, where he lies.

Elean. Let us retire. ——— He sleeps. ———

Beauf. Who bids me sleep? ——— It is not safe to
sleep! ———

Gloucester should not have slept. — Who are you?

Whence? —

Send away that Woman. ——— Give me my
Crown:

My Crown and Crosier! ——— What has the Parlia-
ment

To do with Me? ———

Elean. My Lord of *Winchester*, ———

Beauf. Why doest Thou haunt me?

Elean. Though You have made Me wretched; yet,
my Lord,

I will endeavour —

Beauf. How camest Thou hither? —

Nay, then, thou art a Sorceress, indeed!

Can'st travel o'er the pathless Sea; can'st fly

In Air! — Thou hast bewitch'd my Senses. —

Go! —

Warw. How wild his Looks! — Approach him
not.

Beauf. Stand off! — Let Nothing, living, come
a-near me! —

I kill, by Night! — Alas, my feeble Age

Cannot support it, longer! —

Elean. O, spare him, yet, a while! —

Warw. His Breath grows short. —

S C E N E XVIII.

Beaufort. Warwick. Eleanor. Salisbury. York.

Salisb. How fares the Cardinal?

Warw. As one, just launching
Into Eternity! —

York. Behold him, gasping!

Beauf. Why do you flifle me? — I have been at
Shrift. —

My Soul is white, as Snow! — What needed we
Have purchas'd Votes? — Was not the Murder
cheaper?

Salisb. My Lord, the King has sent us —

Beauf. King of Terrours! —

If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *England's* Treasure;
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no Pain.

York. The King my Lord, your royal Nephew,
sends —

Beauf.

Beauf. Bring me, then, to my Trial, when you will. —

Died he not in his Bed? — Where should he die? —
Can I make Men live, whether they will, or no? —
Alive again? — Then, shew me, where he is! —
Combe down his Hair. — Look; look! — It stands upright;

Like Lime-Twigs, set to catch my winged Soul!

Elean. Pray; pray, for Mercy! —

Beauf. Oh, my Niece;
The Gates of Heaven are shut! — — O, save me;
save me!

I shudder, on the Margin of the Gulph! —

Headlong, I rush! — I fall; deep, deep, I plunge:
I fathom Misery; the Depths of endless Woe!

Elean. O, Thou eternal Mover of the Heavens;
Look, with a gentle Eye, upon this Wretch! —
Oh, beat away the busy, meddling Fiend,
That lays strong Siege to his departing Soul;
And, from his Bosome, purge this black Despair!

Warw. See, how the Pangs of Death work, in his Features!

York. Disturb him not. — Let him pass, peaceably.

Elean. Lord Cardinal; — If thou think'st on Heaven's Bliss;

Hold up thy Hand: — Make Signal of thy Hope. —
He dies; — and makes No Sign! — —

Warw. O, Gloucester; — While Thy Vertues are remember'd;

So long, shall Beaufort's Infamy endure!

Elean. The tenderest Husband! — The most inhuman Uncle!

Salisb. The Best, and Worst, of Men!

Elean. Alas, my Lords;

How, shall I bear to live! —

York. Be comforted. —

With You, the Nation mourns: And Henry's Sorrows

Are

86 HUMFREY, Duke of Gloucester,

Are equal to your Own. — Number'd among the
Blest,

Gloucester partakes of everlasting Rest. — — —

Let high-presuming Men with Dread attend,

Divinely warn'd, to Beaufort's direfull End! — — —

Though bold Offenders human Laws defy;

They draw down heavier Weight of Vengeance, from
on High!

End of the Fifth A C T.





EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

 *HE Business of an EPILOGUE, they say,
Is, to destroy the Moral of the PLAT:
To wipe the Tears of Vertue from your Eyes;
And make you Merry, — lest you should grow Wise.*

*Well! — You have heard a dismall Tale, I own:
It, almost, makes One dread — to lie, alone.
Ruffians, and Ghosts, and Murder, and Despair,
May chase more pleasing Visions from the Fair.
Wives can awake their Husbands, in their Fright:
But, if poor Damsels be disturb'd, by Night;
How shall They (helpless Creatures!) lay the Spright?*

*Forget it all; — And, Beaufort's Crime forgive: —
Duke Humfrey was — too Good a Man, to live.
And, yet; — his Merit, rightly understood;
We, Now, have Store of Patriots, — full as Good!
Great Souls; Who, for their Countrey's Sake, would be content,
Their Spouses should be doom'd — — to Banishment.*

Since

EPILOGUE.

*Since Chronicles have drawn our Duke, so tame ;
Is Eleanor, if she survives, to blame ?
A Widow knows the Good, and Bad, of Life :
And, has it in her Choice, to be, or not to be, a Wife ! —
Virgins, impatient, cannot stay to choose :
They risque it all ; — not having Much to lose ! —
I mean, — such Nymphs, as sigh in rural Shades ;
No Midnight Shepherdess, at Masquerades :
Or, such ill-fated Maids, as pine in Grotto's ;
And, Never, had the Experience of Ridotto's !
Where (notwithstanding They their Market smother)
Some gain One Trinket ; and, Some lose Another.*

*These Novelties, with Grief, considerate Women see :
For, should Italian Modes prevail ; pray, What are We ?
How oft' do Men our tender Spirits vex,
By telling us ; We are a Trifling Sex ! —
Yet, — I am told, Philosophers maintain ;
Nature makes not the smallest Thing, in vain :
And, let demurest Prudes say, What they will ;
The Best of Women would be Women, still.*



F I N I S.